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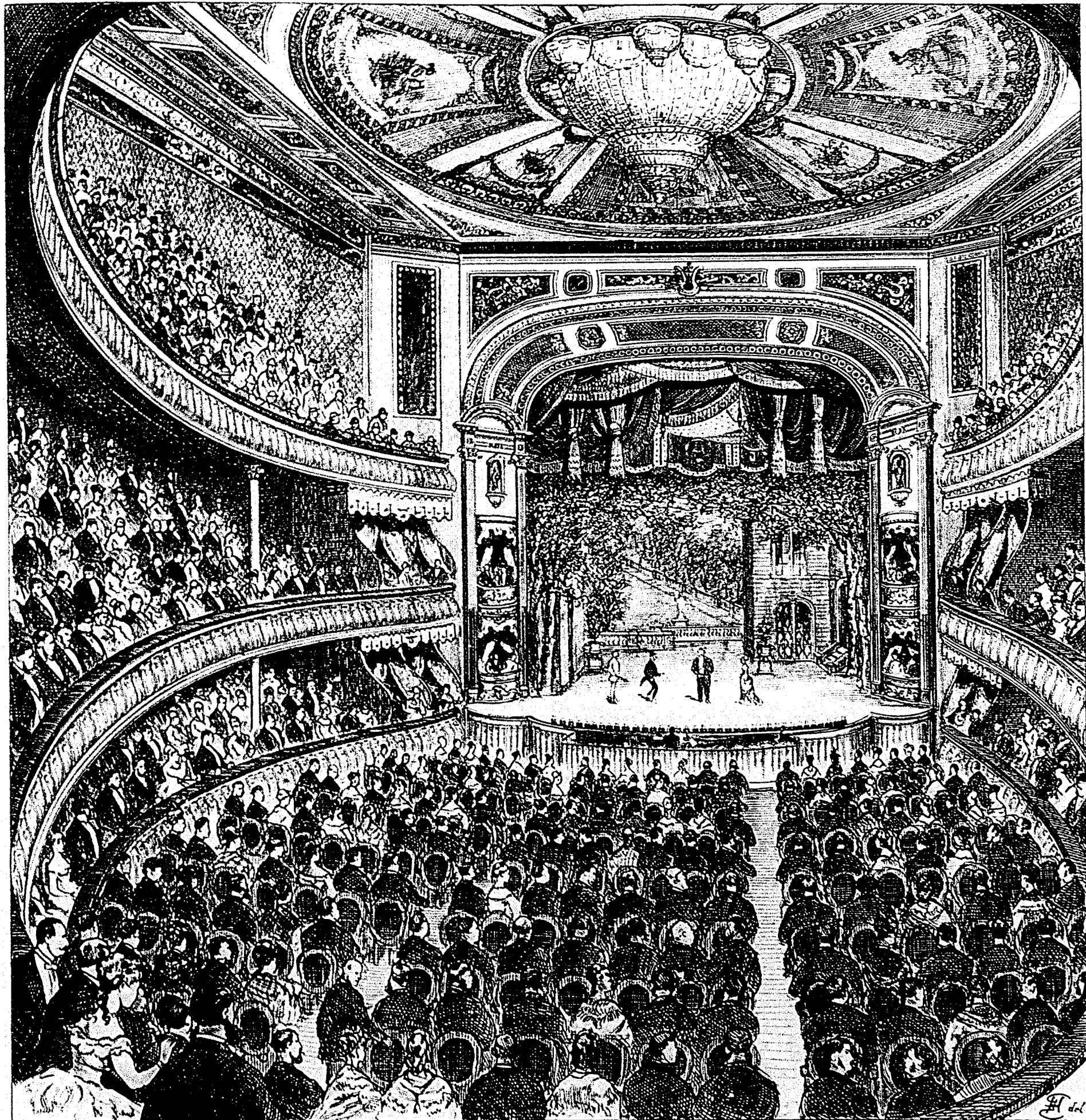
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THE GRAND MUSIC-ROOM AND CONCERT-HOUSE

VOL. XII.—No. 23.

MONTRÉAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

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MONTRÉAL:—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 4th, 1875.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

From the well-balanced condition of parties, the present session of the Ontario Legislature is bound to prove of exceptional interest. The subjects which it will be called upon to discuss are likewise of the highest moment. The speech from the throne foreshadows most of these topics. Bills with the object of further improving the election laws as to voters' lists will probably be submitted. The system of voting by ballot being now in force with respect to all Parliamentary and municipal elections, a bill will be offered for the extension of the system to by-laws requiring the assent of the rate-payers. It is satisfactory to know that the expenditure of the Province for the promotion of immigration continues to bear good fruits; a large number of immigrants belonging to the classes most needed have settled in the Province during the past year, notwithstanding the inducements and temptations held out by other countries. The improved system which was adopted last year by the Dominion and Provincial Governments has enabled the work to be carried on with increased efficiency as well as greater economy. There will be submitted a considerable portion of the work performed by the Commissioners to whom was assigned the task of classifying and consolidating the Statute Law affecting Ontario. The Commissioners have, during the last year, been continuing their important labours; and in the course of their work they have had their attention called to desirable amendments in various statutes. One or more bills embodying their recommendations will probably be brought forward. The Chief Superintendent, who has ably managed the Educational Department for more than thirty years, being desirous of retiring from office, the Legislature will be called upon to consider whether the time has not arrived when the efficiency of the system would be promoted by placing the work of the Department in the hands of a responsible minister of the Crown.

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S REPORT.

The long looked for report of the Postmaster General for the fiscal year 1874, (but it is brought down to May 1st 1875) has at length made its appearance. It contains information respecting our postal system of very great importance. We glean from it the following facts: The number of Post Offices in January last was 4,706, showing an increase of 25½ per cent, since 1870. The number of post miles of route at the same date was 38,087, being an increase of 29½ per cent in the same period. The number of letters and post cards which annually pass through the Canadian Post Office now reaches the large figure of 39,358,500, being an increase of 60 per cent in the period mentioned. The postal revenue in 1874 was \$1,476,207, being an increase of 46 per cent since 1870. But the postal expenditure has

increased for \$1,155,281 in 1870 to \$1,695,480 in 1874. This deficiency, however, is light compared with that exhibited in the Report of the Postmaster General of the United States. The amount prepaid by postage stamps was \$1,084,287.95. The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec gave the chief revenue, the amount collected from them being \$1,238,900.55. New Brunswick gave \$86,276.39; Nova Scotia \$117,910.89; Manitoba \$3,996.90; British Columbia \$13,590.55; and Prince Edward Island \$15,532.48.

The amount collected in Canada for correspondence with the United States in 1874 amounted to \$236,892.79; and that collected in the United States in the same year was \$241,582.12, making the total postage on letters with the United States \$478,516.91.

The member of registered letters passing the Canadian Post Office was 1,562,000. The list of casualties to these letters was greater than usual, namely, upwards of one hundred. The number of dead letters in the same year was 508,160.

The amount of money orders issued was \$6,815,329.66.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

This is a subject which has been frequently discussed in these columns. A flood of new light has been thrown upon it by the Hon. W. E. FORSTER, in a late address delivered by him at Edinburgh. According to him, it cannot be denied that if it be possible to replace dependence by association, each member of the federation would find in the common nationality at least as much scope for its aspirations, as much demand for the patriotism, and the energy, and the self reliance of its citizens, as it would if trying to obtain a distinct nationality for itself. But is this federation possible? There are many even of those who desire it who think that it is not. This opinion chiefly depends upon the difficulties of distance. If, however, these difficulties have not prevented the government of a colony from England, why must they prevent association of self-governing communities with England? *A priori*, it might seem probable that the association would be easier than the direct government. But distance is in itself a very different matter from what it was when this opinion was first entertained. The telegraph has made communication of thought instantaneous with Australia, and doubtless we shall soon send direct messages to New Zealand and the Cape. And as regards the length of time required to travel to the end of the earth, steam and the great circle sailing have diminished it more than half. Thirty years ago the average voyage to Australia was four months; now we can get a reply to a message in a day, and we can fetch a man back in six weeks. But the geographical argument cannot be quite so easily disposed of. It would not be stating it fairly to make it depend solely upon the length of intervening miles between the several regions. It is said that the difference in local circumstances will produce such a disagreement in institutions and social arrangements as would make any political connection undesirable. To this remark it may be replied that, as yet, the disagreement is not apparent; that the enormous majority of colonists themselves disclaim it; and there is no ground for believing in any irresistible tendency to its development. An Englishman or a Scotchman or an Irishman and their children remain English, Scotch, or Irish wherever they be; or, if there be a change, it is that the distinct characteristics of the inhabitants of the three kingdoms tend to be lost in their common similarity.

The fact is, English-speaking men and women look at life and its problems of government, with much the same eyes everywhere. Slavery distorted the vision of many for a time, but now there is more difference between the German and the British Monarchies, and between the French and the American Republics than

there is between the British Monarchy and the American Republic. Doubtless society in the new communities is, and probably for some time will be, more Democratic than in England. Men start more equally than in the old country, and it will take time before it will be found out that one man runs faster than another. But are not the tendencies at home also Democratic? England cannot send over to Australia a ready-made Aristocracy. But England, too, has a Democracy, and already it has been found convenient that Australia tries Democratic experiments which help it to solve the problems with which it must deal. If any one thinks that it is either probable or desirable that any Anglo-Saxon community should develop political ideas opposed to those of our forefathers—for instance, the Latin idea of an emperor or elected despot—it would be quite consistent for such a person to desire that our Colonial Empire should be dissolved, in the hope that emperors should be chosen by the new nations. But believing that on the whole representative government is the best form of government—that by which orderly progress is best secured—we must rejoice in the conviction that a common preference for this form of government is one of the strongest ties which bind together all who speak our language.

A HINT FOR STATESMEN.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER M.P., England, has addressed the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh on the future of the Colonies. We might presume it to have been a sort of preliminary examination for prime minister, as the address was published to the whole country in the columns of the leading journal. We have no doubt there was much ability displayed in the prelection. A passing remark might take the form of a suggestion to Mr. FORSTER that the Dominion of Canada has arrived, by grace of the Queen, at the point of managing her own finances and questions growing out of them, but if our able friend would consent to turn his attention to the great questions of passenger steamers, on which so much of the future prosperity of the Empire and her Colonies must inevitably depend, we cannot but think the diversion of energy likely to be highly advantageous to the vast human interests involved—and when taken along with the question of safety in other departments of travel and labour, in which there is an almost general community of interest in civilized countries—that it should be sufficient, if accompanied by a faithful persistence, ultimately to install the member so honorably charged in the delights and toils of office, in a country so energetic as Great Britain. Steamer construction is the impressive, and, we may well add, urgent question, but the subject, by way of example, of a Telegraph station on the Bird Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for aid to vessels in distress, ably moved by Mr. Speaker FORTIN in the columns of the Quebec *Chronicle* and seconded by J. H. GRANT of Quebec—is one as important to Englishmen as to Canadians. If primarily an Ottawa affair, sympathetically, it is a London one also. We are writing with seriousness, for we find ourselves in the midst of a terrible cluster of shipwrecks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as is too often the case at this season of the year. Captains, we are well assured, should not defer their departures so late as they do, unless their owners will undertake to make the ships proof against collisions of every kind—but statesmen, either British or Colonial, can hardly be responsible for providing our seamen with common sense. The Government at Ottawa and Quebec have hastened to the assistance of the suffering crews and the Islanders deprived of their winter stores.

The Quebec Government has introduced a Bill to abolish the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet and to place the educational affairs of the Province under the control of a Superintendent, who will have to assist him a Roman

Catholic Board of Education over which he will preside, and in which he will have a vote, and a Protestant Board over which he will also preside but in which he cannot vote.

A rumor is current in Boston that the Grand Trunk Railway hopes to get a control of the Eastern Railroad, and gain an outlet at Boston. It is claimed that English capitalists controlling the former road already have possession of above half of the first mortgage bonds of the Eastern, and hope to throw the road into bankruptcy, and eventually into possession of the Grand Trunk.

LORD DUFFERIN's enlightened suggestions for utilizing the old fortifications of Quebec in such a way as to make the ancient capital an attractive and delightful resort for tourists, while offering most agreeable facilities for the health and recreation of its inhabitants, have been cordially accepted by the corporation of the City.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Our sketch of the interior view of this handsome temple of art will give a better idea of it than any lengthened description by the pen. The stage is large, roomy, and commodious, affording ample space for the movements of a great number of actors, and opportunity for the use of the most elaborate scenic effects. The scenery is varied and wrought with high artistic effect. The distribution of seats will be easily seen from the sketch. The theatre can seat considerably over two thousand persons, and one advantage is that the stage is in full view of every seat. The lighting and heating apparatus are admirable. The central chandelier, lit by electricity, is a superb and costly ornament. Montreal may now pride itself on the possession of a fine theatre where the fashion can display itself to its heart's content. The Company has proved in its first two weeks' performances that it deserves the encouragement of all classes of the community. Not only are its members very creditable artists, but the management is excellent, and the plays are such as not even the most fastidious can object to. We bespeak for the Academy of Music a career of brilliant success.

BONELL'S TANNERY AND COOK'S SAW MILL.

This is a sketch of Bonell's Tannery and Cook's Saw Mill at Drummondville, on the South Eastern Railway. Four hundred tons of leather are manufactured at the former, and two million feet of lumber sawn in the latter per annum. The railroad, which is of great importance to this part of the Province, now connects Drummondville with Sorel, and will, in about two weeks, be completed to Acton on the Grand Trunk.

ROLLER SKATES AT BOULOGNE.

While on the point of strapping on again our silver sandals for gyrations on the icy floor, we call attention, through a picture, to a species of sport which we have frequently advocated in these columns. It is the use of roller-skates for summer amusement. We trust that our Rink will be devoted to this diversion, next summer, when the board-floor is laid down.

ALL-SOUL'S DAY IN ROME.

The day after All Hallows is consecrated in Catholic countries to services for the dead, and that day the graves are honored with flowers as on Decoration Day in the United States. One feature of this ceremonial is peculiar to Rome, and that is the lighting of lamps and lanterns over the tombs. The effect of this is wonderfully impressive. To the stranger walking the streets of the ancient city, the sight of this illumination under the illexes and yews of the churchyards has an effect of melting pathos.

MR. ALFRED W. BURROWS.

Alfred W. Burrows, of Winnipeg, is the fifth son of the late John Burrows, Esq., C. E. of Ottawa. The late Mr. Burrows came to Canada on the staff of Col. By, R. E., with whom he served in the construction of the Rideau Canal, of which he was afterwards Superintendent until the transfer of the Imperial Ordnance to the Government of Canada, when he retired on a pension. The subject of our illustration is perhaps the most prominently known citizen of our North West. He first visited Manitoba in the spring of 1871, when the Prairie Province was just emerging from the discords of the Rebellion. Attracted by the natural advantages of the site of Winnipeg and the fertility of its neighboring lands, he concluded to explore the country west upon which it would depend for commerce, and spent a year in the Bow River and Saskatchewan countries. Returning to Winnipeg convinced of its invulnerable position as the emporium of the North West, he made it his home. During his stay in the far west and upon his return, he wrote voluminously of its future, for the papers, and imparted very important information to Lieut.-Governor Archibald, and

strongly urged the suppression of the illicit liquor traffic on our Northern frontier and the connection of the surveys of the East and West in advance of settlement, both of which suggestions have since been acted upon. He has also been a constant advocate for the opening up of the navigation of the far western rivers through Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegoosis, and has corresponded largely with prominent proprietors and steamboat men on the subject, from which a tangible project would have been evolved ere this had it not been for the disastrous visitations of this year. He believes that the attempted navigation of Lake Winnipeg, which is both stormy and treacherous, will prove disastrous. It is his opinion, and that of many other authorities, that for many reasons the others are the natural routes of commerce in advance of Railways, and must soon be resorted to. Mr. Burrows afterwards acted as Chief Clerk in the Dominion Lands Office at Winnipeg, until September 1874, and administered its affairs greatly to the advantage and convenience of the settlers. In the winter of 1874-5 he visited Ontario and Quebec for the purpose of interesting the people in Land investments in the Prairie Province with marked success. During his stay the prominent papers were rife with intelligent statistics and information respecting the North West. Mr. Burrows never does anything by halves, and since engaging in property speculations in Winnipeg he has built three miles of sidewalks and laid out two Parks for the development of Real Estate also largely to the benefit of the citizens generally. It is safe to say that he has done more to make the North West intelligently known than any dozen ordinary immigration agencies could accomplish. Mr. Burrows is 39 years of age and a bachelor. In politics he is "Manitoba First," and is deservedly popular in his adopted province, though too busy to take an active part in public affairs.

OUR PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—IV. GENERAL HOSPITAL, GREY NUNS.

The General Hospital of the Grey Nuns was founded by Sieur François Charon de la Barre in 1694. The land upon which it was built was ceded by the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Community of Brothers Charon having been dissolved, the General Hospital was confided to Madame Youville and her community on the 7th October, 1747. Their rights of property and administration were confirmed by letters patent of Louis XV, in June 1753. In 1871, the old building on Foundling Street was abandoned for want of space, and the present magnificent edifices, shown in our sketch, were and are being constructed. From 1747 to the present day, the Hospital has cared for 1490 poor and infirm men, 3240 women, 1914 orphans and 19,472 foundlings. The new buildings, as seen in our sketch, cover an immense area, and with the church, will form the largest establishment of the kind in America.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Everything unfortunately indicates that the winter upon which we are entering will prove to be of exceptional severity for a large number of indigent persons in our midst. We present a pictorial appeal to the sympathies of the charitable who, if they make their preparations betimes, and consort together in intelligent co-operation, may do wonders towards alleviating the prevailing and prospective distress. While we enjoy the warmth and luxury of our homes, let us remember those who are exposed to the chill of the winter winds and the pangs of winter poverty.

The pine knots brightly blaze
And shed a cheerful heat in wealthy homes,
The lords of earth, immured in cosy rooms.
Heed not the wintry haze.

But in the dark damp lanes,
Where shrinks the pauper girl in filth and rags,
How dismal fall the snow upon the flags,
Athwart the broken panes.

With quick, convulsive breath
And hollow cough, the hopeless sufferers greet,
In cruel winter's ice and snow and sleet.
The harbingers of death.

THE FASHIONS.

We present a series of samples of underclothing for the winter, especially in the line of woolen and worsted goods.

HON. V. P. W. DORION.

This gentleman was lately raised to the Bench of the Province of Quebec, in consequence of the changes induced by the nominations to the Supreme Court. He is a brother of Chief Justice Dorion with whom he was long associated as law partner. Mr. Wilfrid Dorion had a large practice and enjoyed the esteem of all his colleagues. Though an earnest political partisan, he never succeeded in being elected to Parliament, but all along retained the respect even of opponents. On his nomination he was the recipient of a complimentary banquet from his professional brethren, without distinction of party. Judge Dorion is in the prime of life and, according to all appearances, has a long career of public usefulness before him.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the death of Vice-President Wilson, which occurred rather suddenly last week, the American papers comment upon a very curious constitutional point which will prove of interest, even outside of the United

States. It really seems that the death of Mr. Wilson causes a vacancy in the Vice-Presidency which cannot be filled under any provision of law or the Constitution. The Senate has the power to choose one of its own members *pro tempore*, in the absence of the Vice-President, who is the President of that body by authority of the Constitution. The President *pro tempore* so elected holds his position only till the return of the Vice-President, so that as often as he happens to go away a new election must be held. It is the custom for the Vice-President to take an occasion early in each session to be absent on purpose to afford an opportunity to the Senate to elect a temporary presiding officer. The choice is made in a caucus of the dominant party, and whoever is thus selected is given the office as often as a vacancy occurs. On one of the last days of each session the Vice-President usually goes away, and the President of the Senate *pro tempore* adjourns the session, and holds the position till the beginning of the next session. In this manner the Senate provides regularly against the contingency of the death of both the President and Vice-President, in which case the Senator chosen to preside over the body would become President of the United States. Last session Senator Ferry, of Michigan, was chosen President *pro tempore*, chiefly because he is a very excellent parliamentarian. He was elected on the last day of the extra session after the close of the last Congress, and he holds the position now. He will call the Senate to order when it meets next month, and will preside throughout the session, and till the inauguration of a President in 1877, unless the Senate should choose some other Senator to fill the place, which can be done at any time. Senator Ferry does not assume the office, or title, or the salary of Vice President, but under the law if there should be a vacancy in the Presidency he would assume a healthy state. A large number of Manufacturers from all parts of the Province attended and good results are expected.

Amusements are almost at a stand-still.

For want of "stars" the Grand Opera Stock Company are playing a few old dramas which have been done over and over again until it becomes monotonous to hear them. "Our Boys"—H. J. Byron's latest comedy—was played last night. The acting was very weak. The early reopening of the Royal Opera House, under the management of Chas. W. Coulcock, is promised. Since "Doctor" Davis and his wife have been sentenced to death for the murder of the late Jane Vaughan Gilmour, it was expected that they would disclose the name of her seducer. Suspicion has for a long time rested on Ex-Alderman John Clements of this city, and yesterday morning Detective Reburn arrested that gentleman on a charge of complicity in causing the death of Jane Vaughan Gilmour. More anon.

J. H. L.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WIDE AWAKE for December is on hand. The publishers evidently intend that each number shall surpass its predecessor. The number opens with "Kim's Last Whipping," a delightful story by that favorite among the story-tellers, Sophie May. Merrill gives the story an excellent *frontispiece*. There are also two other capital long stories, "Tim's Partner," by Amanda M. Douglass, and "Five Pounds of Cinnamon," by Holme Maxwell. Besides these, Miss Farman and M. Quad have Thanksgiving Stories, "Out of the Frying Pan," and "Mysie's Thanksgiving." "The Bird's Harvest," is a pathetic little sketch by Mrs. J. D. Chaplin. But it is one of the poems which will especially captivate the children; "Silver Locks and the Bears," by Clara Doty Bates, with six irresistible illustrations, drawn by Mrs. Finley. There are also articles by Ella Rodman Church, Rev. Dr. Chaplin, and Dr. Tourjée, "Parlor Pastimes," by George B. Bartlett, and poems by Joel Benton, Ella Farman, Marian Douglas, and Holme Maxwell, while the "Magic Carpet" is unusually entertaining. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. \$2.00 per annum.

"PARKWATER; or, Told in the Twilight," is an entirely new work, by Mrs. Henry Wood. This is the novel the *New York Weekly* is making a "big push" on, under the title of "Educated above her Station." We anticipate for "Parkwater" as large a sale as "East Lynne," or any other of Mrs. Wood's novels. It is published in an elegant volume by Belford Bros., Toronto, and for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city.

The last of Miss Braddon's novels is HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE, just published, with appropriate illustrations, by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal. All the qualities of construction and delineation, which have given this fertile author her reputation, are conspicuous in this work, which may be said to have the additional merit of a more sedate style, and a maturer insight into character.

AUTHORS' PECULIARITIES.

Mary Cowden Clarke, in her "Recollections of Authors," says: In London I met Jefferson Hogg author of "A Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent," with his dry humor, caustic sarcasm and peculiar views of men and things. One night, at Lamb's house, Jefferson Hogg sat opposite to Lamb. The latter fastened his eyes on the throat of his friend, and suddenly asked: "Did you put on your own cravat this morning?" And, receiving an answer in the affirmative, rejoined, "Ay, I thought it was a hogstye!" There, I also met Henry Crabbe Robinson, that

agreeable diarist and universal keeper-up of acquaintance. I suppose that never man had a larger circle of friends whom he constantly visited and constantly received than he had, or one who was more generally welcome as a dinner-out, and better liked as a giver of snug dinners than himself. Now, too, I saw Bryan Waller Proctor, whom I had known and admired in his poetry—in his "Dramatic Scenes" and "Sicilian Story," published under his pen-name of "Barry Cornwall," and subsequently knew in his poetically beautiful tragedy of "Mirandola," and his collection of lovely "Songs." He had a modest—nay, shy—manner in company; heightened by a singular nervous affection, a kind of sudden twitch or contraction, that spasmodically flitted athwart his face as he conversed upon any lofty theme or argued on some high-thoughted topic. I again also occasionally met Godwin. His bald head, singularly wanting in the organ of veneration (for the spot where phrenologists state that "bump" to be, was on Godwin's head an indentation instead of a protuberance,) betokened of itself a remarkable man and individual thinker; and his laugh—with its abrupt, short monosound—more like a sharp gasp or snort than a laugh, seemed alone sufficient to proclaim the cynical, satirical, hard-judging, deep-sighted, yet strongly feeling and strangely imaginative author of "Political Justice," "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and "Fleetwood." His wonted snarling tone of voice exacerbated the effect of his sneering speeches and cutting retorts. On one occasion, meeting Leigh Hunt, who complained of the shortness of his sight, and generally wore attached to a small black ribbon a single eyeglass to aid him in descrying objects, Godwin answered his complaints by saying sharply, "You should wear spectacles." Leigh Hunt playfully admitted that he hardly liked yet to take to so old-gentlemanly looking and defiguring an apparatus, when Godwin retorted, with his snappish laugh, "Ha! What a coxcomb you must be!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VICTOR HUGO is said to be arranging his "Cromwell" for the stage, with a view of having Rossi enact the principal part.

OLE BULL is making a last concert tour around the world. He has had great success in Norway and Sweden, and is now going to Egypt to play before the Khedive.

HERR THEODORE MÜLLER, the violincellist, the last survivor of the four brothers Müller, famed as quartet players, has died in Brunswick in his 73rd year. A second Müller quartet party, the son of the oldest brother of the late Theodore, has been reduced to three brothers.

MILLE. AIMEE wears all her diamonds on the Parisian stage including, probably, that brilliant *parure* the purchase of which in Peru has been chronicled in an interesting newspaper story. Her solitaire diamond earrings are pronounced scarcely inferior to those of Schneider.

Rossi is a splendid-looking man off the stage, according to a Paris correspondent, who describes him as "a very son of Anak for height and breadth of chest, with blue eyes, chestnut hair just dashed with gray, a complexion fair and fresh-colored as that of a girl, and small, well-formed hands and feet."

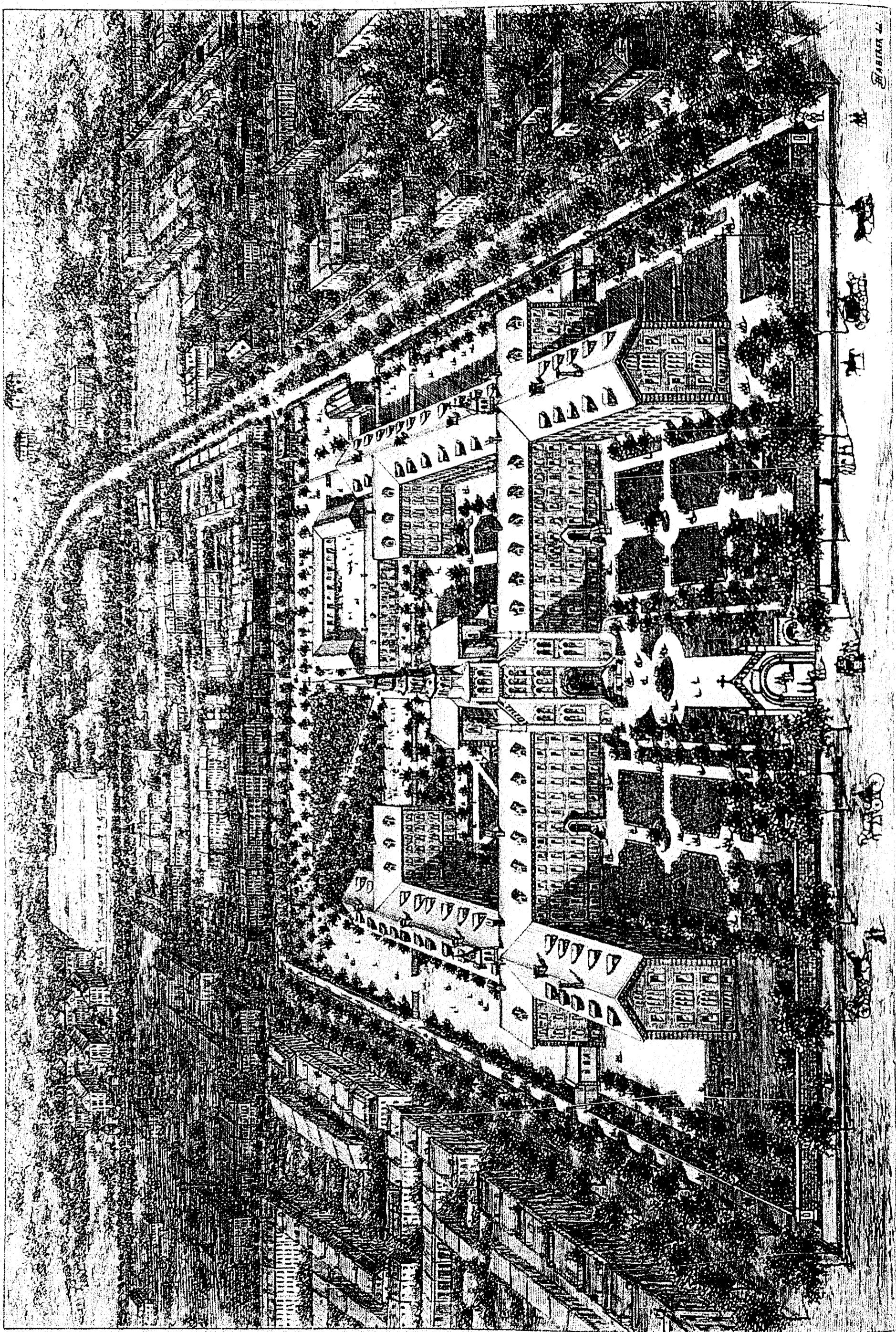
M. FRANCESQUE SARCEY, the dramatic critic of the *Paris Temps*, is said to have thus answered an impatient fellow who indulged in some "chaff" concerning the large size of the clever writer's ears: "It is possible that my ears are of unusual size for a man, but you must own, Monsieur, that yours are remarkably small for an use."

EDWIN FORREST had a peculiar fondness for dogs. As you ascended the main stairway of his residence in Philadelphia you faced on the first landing the painting of the "Dog of Montargis," which he habitually characterized to his visitors as a portrait of the best friend he ever had in the world—the friend which had followed him in the varying and trying fortunes of his early life, and more than once played with him on the boards of the Western towns when he acted the character in that now almost-forgotten melo-drama.

A good story is told of Bismarck and Wagner. When Wagner was in Berlin last spring, his friends made great efforts to secure him a sinecure from the Government, so as to induce the great master to make the imperial capital his home. Wagner, it is said, willingly assented to these efforts, and so it was with great pleasure that he was presented to Bismarck in the salons of a lady prominent in Berlin society. "I have for a long time regretted," said Wagner, "that circumstances have not enabled me to live in the same city with the greatest statesman of this century." "I also regret it," concurred Bismarck, "but, as I have no idea of moving to Munich, I suppose it can't be helped."

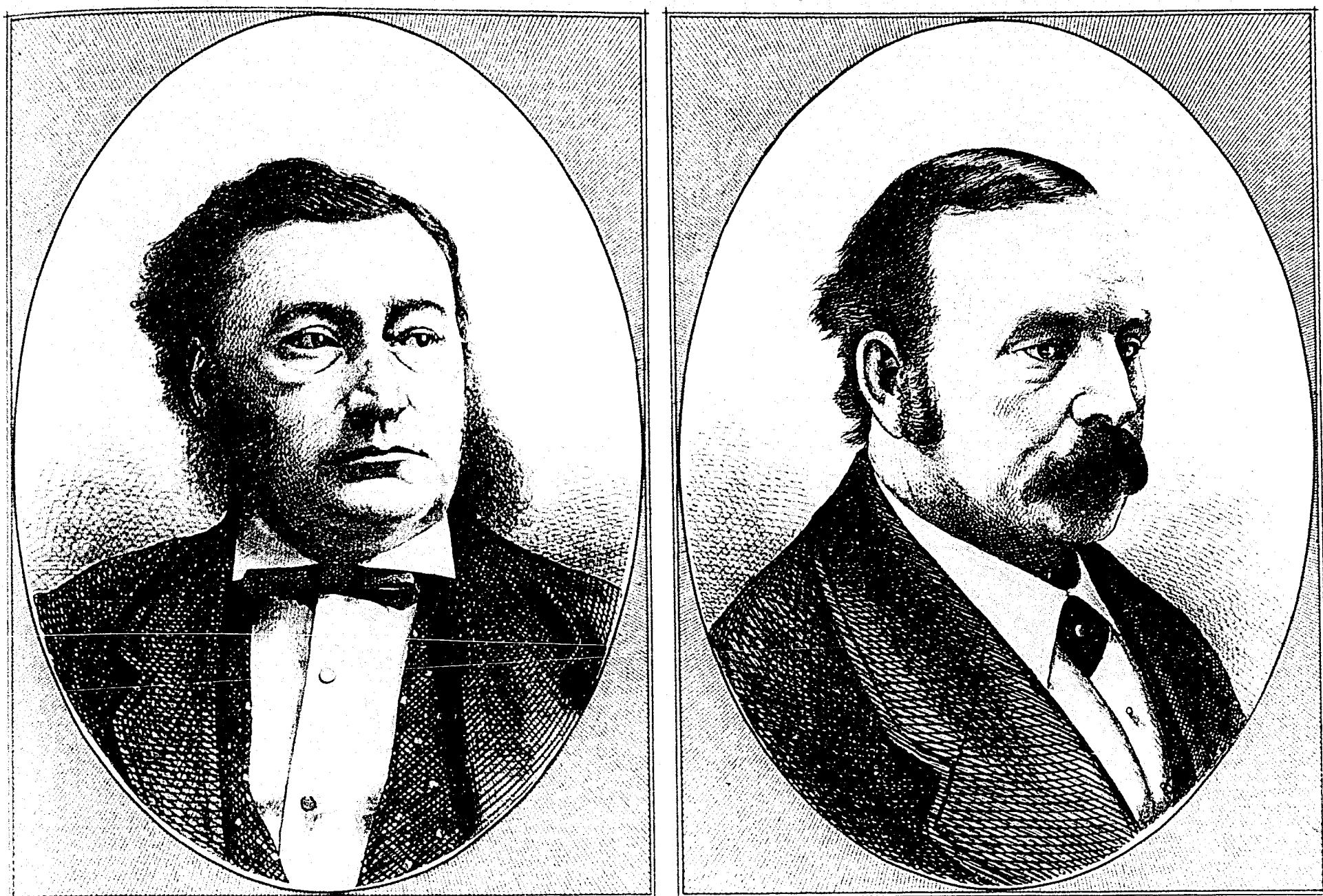
THE skull of Mozart, whose grave has not yet been discovered, is said to be in possession of M. Hyrtl, Professor and Aulic Councillor in the Austrian capital, who preserves it under a glass shade as a precious treasure. He received the relic from his brother, who is reported to have obtained it from the sexton of the St. Marx cemetery. The gravedigger in question, a passionate admirer of the music of the great artist, related that, one day, a modest funeral brought to the burial ground the body of the composer, who was interred in the common grave, the third from the first layer from the bottom. When, according to custom, after the lapse of a few years, the ground was opened, he took the skull of the great man and preserved it carefully until the day when he made a present of it to the brother of the actual possessor.

OFFENBACH's new fairy piece at the Paris Ambigu has proved very successful. It is entitled "A trip to the Moon," and got up after the pattern and style of Jules Verne's "Tour," but with this advantage—that the accompanying Offenbachian strains are exceedingly pretty, and pleasurable to the audience. There is a dromedary in the piece, according with the elephant in Verne's piece. King *Vilan*, desirous of abdicating, turns over his crown to the heir apparent. Prince *Caprice*, who as a young miss dressed up in crown-princess clothes, begins his rule by saying, "I want to go to the moon." Of course all hands go—in Jules Verne's style—shot thither by a Krupp cannon. In the moon, King *Cosmon*, its governor, has a pretty daughter, and *Caprice*, in his capacity of French gentleman from Paris, forthwith leads her into the labyrinth of love—a passion hitherto unexperienced in that body—for which *Cosmon* imprisons the whole population for five years in a volcano. After serving their time out they ascend to the outer edges of their ashy prison, in order to be illuminated by the earth, shining many thousand miles off. Tableau, in which the ballet girls hang by threads.



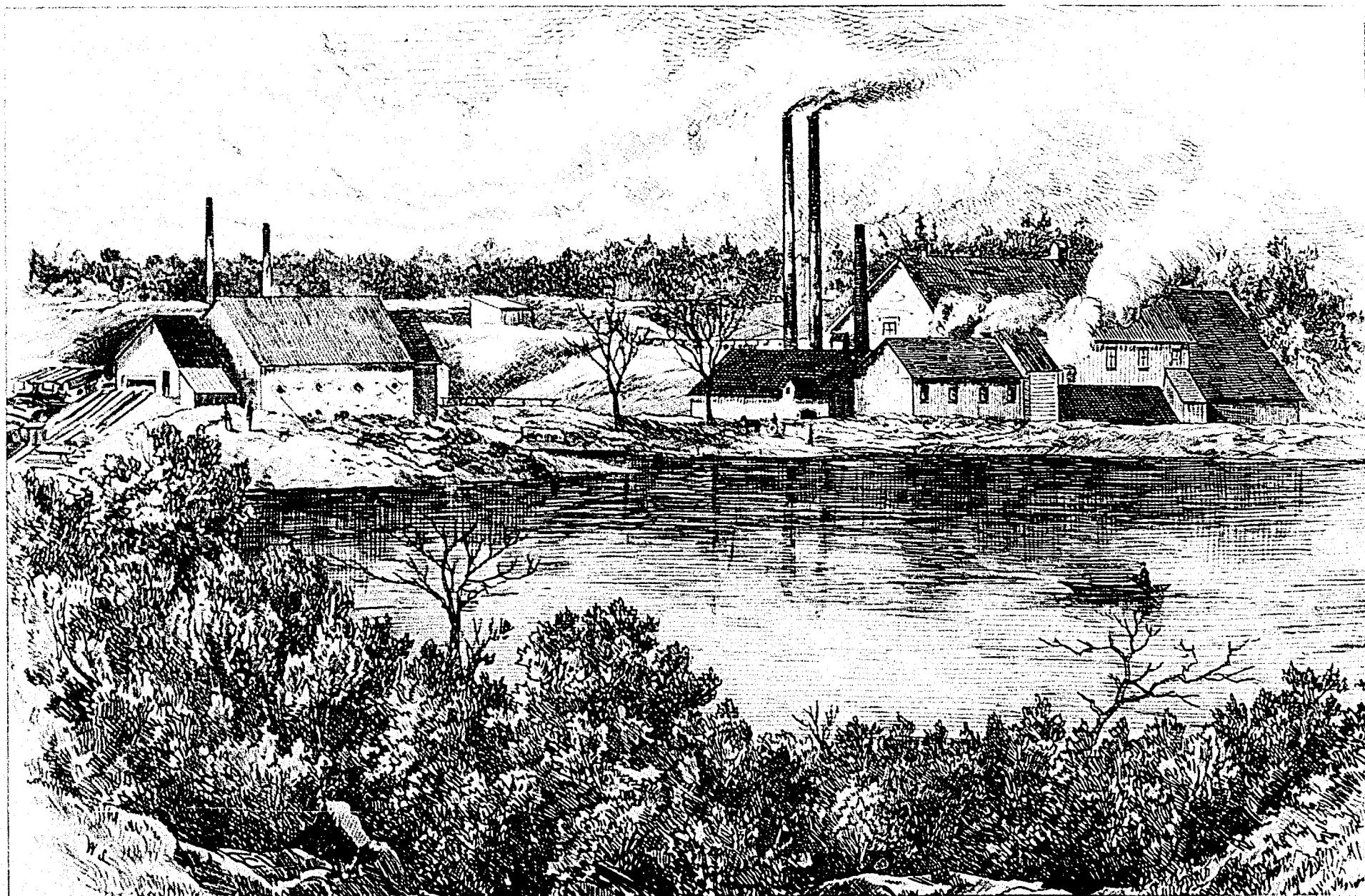
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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 261. THE HON. V. P. W. DORION, J. S. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRENIER.

No. 262. ALFRED W. BURROWS, ESQ., OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



SIMPSON TANNERY AND SAWMILL, DRUMMONDVILLE, P. Q.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. J. V. COOKE.

AN HOUR WITH VON BULOW.

A small gentleman, with very small feet and a rather large head, on the top of which the brown hair was thin, stood in the centre of a pleasant parlor on West Sixteenth street, bowing politely. His face was one which has gazed at the public from lithographs and plaster casts in store windows for the past month, only the lithographs and casts have never given any idea of the ever-changing expression of the face and the sharp gleam of the gray eyes. The gentleman was Dr. Hans Von Bulow, the pianist.

"I fear you have come in a bad time," said he seating himself. "I slept not half an hour last night, and have consequently just been taking a nap. So I fear I am not half awake." The pianist spoke with a strong accent, rather a French than a German accent, and he sometimes seemed at a loss for a word; but when he found it, it was just the right word. His voice was strong, and his manner quick and nervous. It was half asleep then, he is certainly remarkable when awake.

"Oh, no," he continued, "you haven't disturbed me. I have slept enough, but I was very nervous yesterday, and the reaction kept me awake. I had a great deal of anxiety about the orchestra and the leader, Dr. Damrosch. I had known him in Weimar when he was the leader in the orchestra over which Liszt wielded the baton, and after he came to this country I knew that he had been busy with the Arion Society and the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn, and therefore had not had so much experience in conducting orchestras as choruses; so I had some anxiety. But the Doctor did well, and the orchestra under his direction was excellent, far better than the one in Boston under Bergmann. I do not mean to say that the individual musicians in the Boston orchestra were not as good as these in New York. The whole fault lay with Mr. Bergmann, who did not seem to take the least interest in the concerts, not near as much as in drinking lager beer. Bergmann is much over-estimated here, and if I can do anything toward placing him where he belongs, I shall be glad to do so.

A PIANIST'S TRIALS.

"Now in Boston he was to meet me on Friday to talk over our arrangements. He did not come until after the Saturday's rehearsal had begun. Then he promised to see me on Sunday. It was a bright, fine day, and I needed a walk, but I waited all day, and he did not come. He preferred to spend the time in drinking with his friends. I had told him that I wished to make my suggestions to him, and then he could make them to the orchestra; thus his dignity would not be impaired. When we came to the Monday's rehearsal he made such bad work that I had to make the suggestions to the orchestra myself. This displeased him.

"Then at a concert his actions showed not the least interest," continued the Doctor, lighting a cigarette and walking the floor nervously as he remembered his trials. "I was delighted with my audience; I saw in the people such receptivity, such appreciation. I saw an opportunity to interpret the masters to them; and then when I began to play, Bergmann said aloud to some of the musicians, 'Let us go get some refreshments,' and he took away with him six of the gentlemen to a tavern. When they came back the musicians were half tipsy. I was enraged and finally I brought about a quarrel, and Bergmann resigned.

"One of the first to welcome me in Boston was Prof. Lang, whom I had met in Europe. I had forgotten him, but saw in his face intelligence. He was at the rehearsal when Bergmann resigned. 'Will you assume the baton?' I asked of him. 'I do not know that I can please you,' said he; but I told him to take it. The next day we talked the programme over, and at the concert there was a great improvement in the playing of the orchestra. My agent has telegraphed asking him to lead the orchestra in Philadelphia, as Dr. Damrosch is too busily engaged to go."

HIS OPINION OF AMERICAN AUDIENCES.

"And what about American audiences, Dr. Von Bulow?"

"I do not want to say too much," said he, stopping in his walk and relighting the cigarette which had been put out by the rapid current of his conversation. "I do not want to say too much, but I am perfectly delighted with them. There seems to be a combination of all the characteristics of other nations. There is the utmost reciprocity and appreciation. In this they resemble the Italians; but the Italians seem to stop there, and have no wish to learn. The Americans seem as desirous to be taught as they are quick to perceive. Then there is quite evident a spirit of reverence for the very names of the old masters. This is seen not only in audiences but in the newspaper reports. I am much pleased with the way they have been written. There seems to be such a spirit of reverence, even when the writer was evidently not a musician. And does not the Book, which I am sorry to say I do not read very often, say that reverence for the masters is the beginning of wisdom?"

"Your newspaper enterprise is a great wonder to me. The idea of reading in the morning a carefully-written criticism of a concert in which you played only eight hours before! I wrote to a friend in Germany, from Hartford, and asked him if Germany could do anything like that. 'Here in a comparatively small city,' I said; 'there are three papers, and in the morning after

my concert I read the reports. It is impossible in Germany? He writes me in wonder, 'It is not possible in Germany.' There our critics would be tired after the concert, and would go and eat and drink beer."

HE OBJECTS TO BEER DRINKING.

"That is the great fault with my countrymen," said the Doctor, frowning, "the beer drinking. They do not get drunk like the Irish people, but they drink until their blood becomes sluggish and their brains stupid. I like the vim of you Americans—the—what shall I say—what do you call it—the 'ginger'?" You see I am full of slang. I speak very poor English. When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unusual as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language. Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it. As I said, I like the American enterprise. It extends to everything. Dr. Damrosch tells me that two years ago there were twenty members in the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn; now there are 200. That could never happen in Germany. I attended a meeting of the Arion Choral Society last Sunday and heard them sing some difficult music in an admirable manner. In Germany a choral society of men like the Arion becomes more a drinking society than a musical one. They worship the god Gambrinus more than Apollo."

"It is a question with me," said the pianist, taking a fresh cigarette and resuming his walk. "It is a question whether America will soon produce a great composer. It is not necessary. The field is not yet open for new composers. Even in Germany the resources of the old masters have not been developed. Wagner had that in mind when he told the King of Bavaria that he must have better music schools in which to train artists to produce the works of the masters. That's what you need here. Goethe—no, Schiller—says (Do you know German?) 'No, I don't know that I can translate it.') 'something like this: 'When the king builds, the workmen must be busy.' Well, the kings have builded, and builded well; we need the workmen now. There are no great composers in England—none that will live. Bennett is a miniature Mendelssohn. Balfe has written sweetly sometimes, and Sullivan too; but their works can't last. By the way, Sullivan's burlesque, 'The Trial by Jury,' with the words by M. S. Gilbert, is a most charming little thing. Go and hear it if you ever get an opportunity. It only takes three-quarters of an hour, and it is delightful, both poem and music."

SECRETS OF THE PIANO TRADE.

"How are you pleased with American pianos?" was asked. The Doctor immediately, evidently misunderstanding the question, said: "I of course had no part in the piano war. That was the affair of Dr. Ullmann and Mr. Henry D. Palmer, my managers. Rubinstein was urged to use the Steinway by his manager Grau to whom Steinway paid \$20,000. But Rubinstein said to me, after it was decided that I should use the Chickering, that he was glad I was to use it, because the Steinways were not gentlemen, and it would be unpleasant for me to have to meet them. I find the Chickering to be perfect gentlemen. I can illustrate the spirit of the other firm. When Rubinstein was here his picture, with 'Steinway Hall' on it, hung in the window of the Chickering's. When my portraits were distributed, one was taken to the Steinways', and hung in their window. Half an hour afterward a musician came in, and one of the firm asked him to take it down and carry it away. 'We don't want the thing here,' he said, 'but we and our attachés don't care to take it down; you do us this favor.' Another illustration. There is now going the rounds of the German papers in the West a paragraph that originally appeared in a third-class German paper in this city, saying, 'Von Bulow is not an artist, but an advertisement for a certain piano firm. He is not a great pianist, but a travelling agent.' That illustrates the character of the Steinways.

THE DOCTOR PRACTISING.

"Before coming over here," the Doctor continued, "I was two months on the Isle of Wight almost in solitary confinement, with a Chickering piano which was sent to me. I say as an artist, without prejudice, that they are the best pianos in the world, taking everything into consideration. We have pianos in Germany of splendid tone, but the action is not perfect. In certain movements like this I cannot play as I would like to on the German piano." The Doctor illustrated with his fingers on the centre table, and with many ta-ta-tas with his voice. "On those pianos I have to play as the piano permits. On the Chickering's I play just as I wish."

"This is what I use in my room," said he, placing a piano keyboard of not more than two octaves on the table. "It don't disturb the neighbors and does my fingers good."

"I have noticed a great difference between Americans and English in regard to musical talent. I left Munich in 1869 on account of my health, and went to Florence. There I taught. I had not had time to play much while in Munich, and had unlearned my piano playing. I took it up again in 1870, so you see I am really one of the youngest players. As I said, I taught, and my pupils were the American and English girls visiting the city. There was the greatest difference in these pupils. I could soon tell, without seeing them, whether an American or an English girl was playing. The Americans put very much more soul into their playing. There

was just the difference that there is between Arabella Goddard and Adelaide Schiller. Arabella Goddard plays correctly, you can find no mistakes, but it is the playing of an automaton, with no more soul than one of Madame Toussaud's wax figures. Adelaide Schiller does not play as correctly, perhaps, but there's soul and expression in her playing."

WHY RUBINSTEIN FAILED IN LONDON.

"Do you know Arabella Goddard? She tyrannized over London for years. Her husband, Mr. Davison, was musical critic of the London *Times*. Rubinstein went to London and failed. Why? Because Davison would not allow any other pianist than his wife to exist. My success in London was not due to my talents being superior to Rubinstein's, but to the fact that London had ceased to be under the tutelage of Davison."

"A friend of mine said to me, 'When I hear a blind person play or sing I am touched to the heart.' I said, 'It is not so with me; for a blind musician always executes in a stiff, soulless manner.' No person can be a musician who cannot see the sunlight. It is much the same thing in England; they have a sunless sky and soulless musicians. To be a musician one must see color. It is no accident that causes painters to speak of 'tones' in their compositions and for musicians to speak of 'color' in theirs. There is an intimate relation between color and sound. Beethoven was deaf; but his deafness did not affect his compositions. Had he been blind, it would have been different."

"But I have not told you one reason for my excitement last evening," said the Doctor, in concluding. "I was almost overcome by the warmth of the reception the audience gave me. I was well received in Boston, and I expected the same here; but the applause was three times as great as I had expected. It was a great pleasure to me to see the ladies also clapping their hands so earnestly. I was so surprised that I lost my memory for the time, and at night, as I told you, I could not sleep. Were you at the concert? No. You must come, and to the rehearsals, too. We have them every morning at ten o'clock."

DRESSING WELL.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Times* says: Well-dressed people whose colors do not, as the French woman said, swear at one another, are a pleasant sight, but appropriately and picturesquely dressed people are pleasanter—people whose dress is not a duplicate of every other dress one sees. A dressmaker as yet to fortune and to fame unknown was lately discovered by an observant customer to be studying a picture, not after Demorest or the *Nouvelles Modes*, and arranging the garment in hand with a skilful blending of modern fashion and artistic effect. That woman would have handled the pencil or chisel effectively had not her lot been cast among silks and laces, but she was just in the place where she was most needed. No danger of her dresses being overloaded with trimming, or looking on the wearers as if they belonged to some one else. Comparatively few people have the air of being on easy terms with their attire; and the lady who expressed a wish that human beings could be provided with an unchanging suit of feathers, like the birds, was conscious of the difficulty of becoming familiar with what is never the same. The Saxon women are credited in history with not having changed the fashion of their dress for the space of three centuries; but pictures of this fashion do not make one sigh for its return. Their *coiffures*, in particular, concealing the hair as effectually as the ugly head-dress of the "professed" nun, were as different as possible from many of the lovely hats of the present day, beneath which curls and feathers often blend in picturesque confusion. But why because of this must a woman whom we saw yesterday whose hair didn't curl, and upon whom curls would have been very much out of place, tie her locks in a dreadful bunch, and, by some unknown process, persuade each individual hair to stand out in a different direction? Such a result could scarcely have been attained except through the power of electricity, or of a terrible fright. But the woman evidently had the idea that she was in the fashion, and went on her way with a sublime disregard of Greek statuary or the fitness of things. "Jane Maria Holbrook went to the pasture 'to call the cattle home' with a black lace mask veil strapped tight over her sharp nose. She, too, poor child, has aspirations!" So writes the clever author of a charming little story, and in writing thus explains the mystery of much incongruous dressing. It is "aspirations."

COLERIDGE.

Mary Cowden Clarke in "Recollections of Writers" says: Coleridge had been a Jacobin, and was one of the marked men in the early period of the French Revolution. It was at this period of his life that he served as a private in a regiment, and used to preach liberalism to his brethren; and, I believe, he quickly had his discharge. He had also been a professor of Unitarianism, and delivered sermons. All these opinions he ostensibly abjured; and, doubtless, he had good reason for making manifest his conversion from what he conceived to have been error. Like the chameleon, he would frequently adopt and reflect the hue of his converser's prejudices, where neither opinions (religious or political) were positively offensive to him; and thus, from a tranquillity—perhaps, I might say, an indolence—of disposition, he would fashion his discourse and frame his arguments, for the

time being, to suit the known predilections of his companion. It is, therefore, idle to represent him as a partisan at all; unless it be for kindness and freedom of thought; and I know no other party principle worth a button. The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, prominent, and of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recesses of the brain. The lower part of his face was somewhat dragged, indicating the presence of habitual pain; but his forehead was prodigious, and like a smooth slab of alabaster. A grander head than this had not been seen in the grove at Highgate since his neighbor, Lord Bacon, lived there. From his physical conformation Coleridge ought to have attained an extreme old age, and he probably would have done so but for the fatal habit he had encouraged of resorting to the stimulus of opium. Not many months before his death, not alluding to his general health, he told me that he never in his life knew the sensation of headache; adding, in his own peculiarly vivid manner of illustration, that he had no more internal consciousness of possessing a head than that he had of having an eye.

LA FEMME PASSEE.

A writer says: *La femme passée*, as the French call her—the lady on the decline, as we may describe her in English—is a being to be studied. Let us observe her closely as we meet with her at balls, *fêtes*, and afternoon "at home," ever foremost in the mad chase after pleasure, for which alone she seems to think she has been sent into the world. Dressed in the extreme of youthful fashion, her thinning hair dyed and crimped and frilled till it is more like red-brown tow than hair, her flaccid cheeks ruddied, her throat whitened, her bust displayed with unflinching generosity, as if beauty was to be measured by cubic inches, her lustreless eyes blackened round the lids to give the semblance of limpidity to the tarnished whites. When we see her with her own daughters we feel instinctively that she is the most disastrous adviser they could have; and when in the company of girls or young married women not belonging to her, we doubt whether we ought not to warn their natural guardians against such associations, for all that her standing in society is undeniable and not a door is shut against her. We may have no absolute tangible reason to give for our distaste beyond self-evident facts that she paints her face and dyes her hair, dresses in a very low-necked style, and affects a girl's manner that is out of harmony with her age and condition. But, though we cannot formalize reasons, we have instincts, which seldom deceive us, and sometimes instincts seem more clear than reason. What good in life does this kind of woman do? All her time is taken up—first, in trying to make herself look like twenty or thirty years younger than she is, and then in trying to make others believe the same; and she has neither thought nor energy to spare from this, to her, far more important work than in feeding the hungry, or nursing the sick, or rescuing the fallen, or soothing the sorrowful.

DOMESTIC.

RYE CAKES.—To one teacup of white sugar add two well beaten eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one quart of milk. Mix thoroughly with a quart of rye meal, two teaspoonsful of cream tartar, and one of soda; stir this into the milk and eggs, and add enough more to make a thick batter. Drop on a well greased pan and bake half an hour.

POTATO PIE CRUST.—To half a dozen good-sized potatoes boiled and mashed fine add a teacupful of rich sweet cream, a little salt, and flour enough to roll out the crust. Handle as little as possible and do not put it at the bottom of the pie, as it will be clammy, but only around the rim of the plate and over the top. Prick the upper crust to let the steam out. This pastry may be eaten with impunity by the most confirmed dyspeptic.

PORK PIE.—Take some slices of fresh pork and some slices of bacon or ham, cut them into small pieces, season them well with spices and sweet herbs, put them into a pie dish in layers, with some onions minced, chopped parsley, mushrooms, and shallots, and a sprinkling of pepper and salt between each layer; moisten with good gravy, cover with puff paste, and bake.

MINCEMEAT FRITTERS.—With half a pound of mincemeat mix two ounces of fine bread-crums (or a tablespoonful of flour), two eggs well beaten, and the strained juice of half a small lemon. Mix those well, and drop the fritters with a dessert-spoon into plenty of very pure lard; fry them from seven to eight minutes, drain them on a napkin, and send them very hot to table; they should be quite small.

GRILLED SLICES OF MUTTON.—Cut some rather thick slices of under-done mutton, score them well, and rub in plentifully some common mustard, salt, and cayenne pepper; then broil them over a clear fire, and serve with the following sauce: Take one gill of good gravy, mix with it one tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, one of French mustard, and a little grated lemon-peel; add a thickening of butter and flour and a few drops of lemon-juice, simmer till quite hot, pour over the grill, and serve.

APPLE CHEESE.—Get some good cooking apples; peel, pare, core, and cut them into small pieces. Add an equal weight of sugar, and the juice of two lemons, and peel, cut very fine. Put them on the fire and keep moving them about to prevent their burning. Boil until the apples are quite mashed up and look clear, and in stirring, the bottom of the pan comes clean. Dip a mould in cold water, put in your cheese, and serve next day cold with a custard round it.

STEWED BEEF-STEAKS.—These may be cut thicker than for boiling. Dissolve some butter in a stewpan, and brown the steak on both sides, moving it often that it may not burn; then shake in a little flour, and when it is coloured pour in gradually sufficient water to well cover the meat. As soon as it boils, season with salt, remove the scum, slice in onion, carrot, and turnip; add a bunch of sweet herbs, and stew the steak very softly for three hours. A quarter of an hour before you serve stir into the gravy two or three teaspoonsful of rice-flour mixed with cayenne, half a wine-glassful of mushroom catsup, and a little seasoning of spice.

THE GLEANER.

THE Bishop of Ripon objects to the phrase "*Requiescat in pace*" being put upon the graves of the departed.

It is stated that Prince Leopold intends to enter the Inner Temple as a law student, and to be called to the bar.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh is an exception to most other royal mothers in not employing a wet nurse, and in nursing her own child as Nature intended.

THE French mercantile navy is now composed of 12,932 vessels, of which 455 are steamers. The coast fisheries employ 9,250 vessels manned by 40,609 sailors.

MISERY is on the increase in Prussia, owing chiefly to the military footing on which that country persists in standing. Living is higher and wages lower.

THE machine of the home, that for sewing, is now to be driven by mechanical contrivance. A small but powerful electric motor has been invented by a simple device. It is not dear.

THE plan of despatching extra early copies of the London journals into the provinces seems to have resulted unsatisfactorily, and is likely to be discontinued, if, indeed, that step has not already been decided upon.

A GENTLEMAN in Oakland, Cal., has entered a caveat for a patent for a contrivance by which he proposes to attach telegraph wires to the concrete side of the rails on all lines of road, thus doing away with poles.

THE French salute a passing funeral with the most marked respect. Russia pays greater honours, as when a funeral passes before a military post, the soldiers turn out and present arms, as if the richest of boyards was in question.

THE testimonial to George Fordham, the jockey, goes on much faster than that to Byron, the poet. The latter, though on foot for nearly a year, is but £2,000; the former, started about two weeks, has already reached £550.

A WINTER CANE has been invented in Paris for gentlemen only. It is a long, hollow tube, and, before the swell owner goes out on his promenade, it is filled with a chemical preparation which generates heat and keeps the hands warm.

It is stated that, owing to defects which have exhibited themselves, the Martini-Henry rifle will not be issued to the auxiliary forces, as those best qualified to judge state that the arm is quite unfit for the militia and volunteers.

THE celebrated Bath bricks, known in almost every commercial market and house as "brick dust," are manufactured from the deposits of the river Parrett, Bridgewater, Somerset, England. As far as known, the peculiar kind of deposit has never been found elsewhere.

Of the 5,000,000 Jews estimated to be on the face of the globe, 120,000 are assigned to America, 46,000 to France, 300 to Ireland, 25 to Norway. One out of every seven inhabitants of Poland, and one out of every twenty-five of Hamburg, Roumania, and Austria, are Hebrews.

A CERTAIN colored deacon, on occasion of missionary collections, was wont to shut his eyes and sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," with such earnestness and unction that he would quite forget to see the plate as it came around. "Oh, yes I" said the plate bearer, "but just you give something to make it fly."

JUDGE R. A. HILL, of the United States court at Jackson, Miss., deserves a monument of gold. In a recent case he discharged nearly every man on the Sheriff's panel because of inability to read and write. He claimed that no man who did not possess these two qualifications was fit to judge of another's guilt or innocence.

A FRENCH authority goes the length of saying that never since public records were kept in France has such a vintage been beheld, and confirms his assertions by narrating some experiences in the Côte d'Or this year, from which it appears that "there is such abundance that a vinegrower may be glad to sell his surplus at one shilling the four gallons."

THE library of the Serapis, specially selected for the voyage of the Prince of Wales to India, consisted chiefly of standard novels. But there were besides some works of a more solid character, including descriptive and historical accounts of India and the East. In addition to this library, the Serapis carried a large number of books for presentation.

THE poisoning of women's legs by colored stockings has been reported on by Prof. Marriiner, a Chicago chemist. He says that the seal-brown and reddish-brown hues contain picric acid, which will poison the flesh with which it comes in close contact. He adds: "As these dyes are used not only in coloring all kinds of fabrics, but also for confectionery, liquor, cosmetics, and a great variety of objects, the danger attending their use can be readily appreciated."

MR. JAMES WHITE, the late member for Brighton, sends home a report of the opening of his American travels, which has interest from a writer so observant and experienced in voyages. Mr. White says, "If you ask me what has most struck me since my arrival in this country, it is that during the twenty-eight days I have been in it we have not been asked in our travels for alms by man, woman, or child. Second, that we have not seen a soldier. Third, the absence of book advertisements in many American newspapers of large circulation. Fourth, the very inferior character of many newspapers of good standing and repute."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

CONSOLATION for old maids—"Misfortunes never come singly."

YOUNG women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

FOND mamma—"Suppose, Arnold, I should die, and papa married another mamma; what would you do?" Dutiful son—"Oh, I should go to the wedding."

A gentlemen rode up to a public-house in the country and asked—"Who is the master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

A MILWAUKEE paper says of the air, in its relations to man. "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Mr. Jones says that description suits his wife exactly.

"How are you pleased with the beauty of French ladies?" asked a number of highly-rouged Parisian coquettes of an English gentleman. "I'm no judge of painting," was the reply.

At the funeral of a woman in Alabama the other day, a neighbour in attendance, feeling called upon to say something sympathetic to the afflicted husband, kindly remarked, "You've got a splendid day for the funeral!"

AN Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery store kept by a woman, says, "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks; her indigo as blue as her own eyes; and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

WEDDING journeys are no longer the style, written invitations are considered once more very elegant, and wedding cards were issued at Lockport the other day with the significant intimation, "No presents."

WHEN an impertinent interviewer in Washington asked Secretary Bristol whether he intended to take a house and entertain this winter, the Secretary gruffly replied: "I make it a rule never to interfere with my superior officers; ask Mrs. Bristol."

AN old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning years among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and, when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wounded."

THERE was a young lady of Bicester,
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed.
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

YOUNG couples, if they are wise, will not devote their whole honeymoon to merely amusing and caressing each other. Let them remember the pastry-cook, who, when his apprentices first came, always gave them a surfeit of pies to ensure their subsequent indifference.

SOMEBOODY advertises in the London *Times* for a servant girl that fears the Lord and can carry one cwt. Hand maidens that can successfully wrestle with an hundred pound weight are not usually the sort of females that fear the Lord, or anybody else for that matter.

A DOCTOR in America recently restored the speech of a woman who had been dumb for seven years, and the last seen of him he was sitting on a rail fence picking the buckshot out of his head, while the infuriated husband was hustling towards the house to reload his gun.

OUR Dan remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for the office: "I'll be back by ten o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet any pull-back, Daniel, serious or smiling, if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

PULL-BACK have their drawbacks, as a young woman of Keokuk, Ia., found when she went to a Masonic entertainment last week. She looked at the banquet table with horror, ejaculating to her escort, "Good gracious! Are they going to sit down? I didn't expect that—I ain't fixed to sit down." He found a place for her alongside the mantel-piece, where she could take her supper standing.

A MAN who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it flung in his teeth. We have heard of a retort, however, which we should think must have for ever silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "My horse, if you please," said his wife: "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing; "and your money bought me, too."

THE likeness of a woman who has been dead more than twenty years was lately discovered on a pane of glass in a chamber window in a house at Charlotte, Va. The likeness is distinct and accurate, and resembles a photograph negative. It is said the woman was stunned by a flesh of lightning many years ago while standing at that window, and the theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window pane at that time.

Here was a face
Whose occult charms no limner's art
Could steal; whose nameless grace
Elusive was as light that falls
Where waters part.

A face so fair,
So haunted with sweet mysteries,
It seem'd a face astray from heav'nly scenes,
And not of one who e'er
Had breakfasted on buck-wheat cakes
Or dined on beans.

FOOT NOTES.

THERE is a porter in Naples who is the facsimile of the German Emperor. He stands to the photographers for the Imperial portrait in various attitudes, and makes a handsome thing of it.

The Dominion Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, met in Toronto, last week, and the Worthy Master delivered an address. There are two hundred and fifty-seven subordinate Granges throughout the Dominion.

The Indians of one of the Manitoulin Islands robbed two Collingwood fishermen of 14,000 yards of net and 50 packages of fish lately. The outrage has provoked considerable local feeling, and the affair will probably be enquired into.

"BLANKETS" of brown paper of a superior quality, perforated in such a manner as to permit a free passage to the exhalations of the body, without diminishing the warmth, are advertised in London at 4d., 5d., or 6d. each. Of course with a little ingenuity the same can be made to serve duty as a great coat, and thus rival Goldsmith's chest of drawers.

THERE are enrolled in the public schools of the United States 8,000,000 children. In the last fiscal year the average daily attendance was 4,500,000. Thirty-seven States and eleven Territories report an increase in public school income of \$1,932,000, and in attendance of children 164,000. The total sum raised during the year by taxation was \$82,000,000 and the cost of public education was about \$74,000,000.

A FRENCH expedition is being fitted out to make a "Tour du Monde" in ten months. The excursionists are to visit India, Japan, Chinese ports, Australia, &c. A special library, with instruments, will be placed on board. The members of this expedition will be exclusively to the male sex. The fare is to be £800, everything included. The Geographical Society will superintend the management of the enterprise, although it will be supported by private funds, and is altogether a private speculation.

AMONG the public houses of London there are 87 King's Arms, 23 Queen's Arms, 49 King's Heads, and 60 Queen's Heads. The signs of the Royal Oak number 26; of the Royal Standard, 12. To the Prince of Wales 49 taverns are dedicated; to the late Prince Albert, 23; to the Iron Duke, 26, and to Lord Nelson, 22. Among the lions are 74 red, 26 white, 17 golden, and innumerable blue ones. The number of Saracen's Heads, George and Dragons, White Swans, Bulls black and white, Bull's Heads, &c., is almost beyond computation.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE SECRET.—Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

TWILIGHT.—The twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in heaven that were before invisible.

HONESTY AND POLICY.—The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

ORDERLY HABITS.—It would not be easy to detail in all its forces the misery which is caused by the early neglect of orderly habits. It is a source not only of frightful unhappiness in families, but of great public vice; for, after all, the world is made up of those whose character has been formed for good or for evil by the early training and example of mothers.

WOMAN'S WORK.—The old assertion of men being the "bread earners" has been, by late statistics, proved a fallacy—there being a greater number of independent women than were at all imagined. There can be no question that, of the "dependent" women, those nominally supported, or even actually maintained, by father, husband, brother, or other male relative, we can scarcely say there are any whose services are not, in some way or other, required in lieu of such maintenance.

PERSONALITY.—Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they are not single-minded. Beauties are aware that they are handsome; clever people are in the way of showing themselves to advantage, however little their subject leads itself to these considerations. The natural character is not by any means blind to its good points, nor ashamed to own them; it is not bashful, but the thing under discussion is *bond fide* the subject of thought; it has no feigned interest, no ministering to self-love by indirect means.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.—Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition when the assiduous lover is passing into the matter-of-fact husband. Women less content than men to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only while they are being made love to. Men, on the contrary, when they have won

and won, are content to be quiet, and to take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most, and those the best, practical kindness is better than flattery, security ranks before excitement, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no evil, knowing no break, and needing no phrasing, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears, and doubts and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtship and fatiguing demonstration.

LOVE-STORIES.—For the average man and woman a true love-story never loses its charm. Do we not like to live over again the pleasures and the romance of our own youth, whether in the pages of printed books or in those ever-fresh volumes, the lives of our children? It is a great mistake to let go our hold on any of the easily-attained pleasures of life; and of them all what is so easy of attainment as books? It argues, indeed, a mind both selfish and narrow, no matter with how many historical facts it may be stored, to lose interest in the old, ever-new love-story with which the heart of the world beats for ever. It is a lovely story too—the loveliest in the world. The sky is bluer, the flowers are more fair, and the fields wear a softer green, when the light of this one supreme experience transfigures them. It was divine, in its day, for each of us in his turn; and the tales that recall the ancient rapture are not without their charm for the eyes that read them through the spectacles of old age. It is something to have been in Arcadia; but he has never himself been there who can read with a sneer or without emotion the simplest record of a genuine experience of the heart, honestly and faithfully told.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain of pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," or Catarrhal Headache, which he sends to any address (post-paid) for sixty cents, or four packages for two dollars. Sold by most druggists everywhere.

HUMOROUS.

In a certain New York shop-window is displayed this suggestive notice: "Boy wanted that has fully rested himself, and is not too intellectual."

PRINCE John Schleswig-Holstein-Sandenburg-Glückburg arrived in England Tuesday. The rest of his name will come over in a special car some time next week.

A milk man was awoken by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

A negro in South Carolina, who was complaining of the hard times, declared they were the hardest ever known. "Why," said he, "I works all day, an' steals all night, an' yet I'm blest if I kin make an honest livin'."

MR. HUXLEY, the learned scientist, writes: "I hope Mr. —— will not mix in philogenetic stambuisme with objective taxonomy." We should greatly deprecate such a thing ourselves but we are inclined to think that the fellow is just about fool enough to do it.

A meteoric stone weighing 90 pounds fell in Missouri last week, striking a dark square on the head. He seemed to be considerably confused when he got up, and went off muttering: "Ef I knowed for shun de man who frowed dat brick, den I'd see whar am de Cibbil Rights ob niggas."

"GUDESAKE, man," said a housewife to an honest dairyman, "what's this ye're doin' till our milk noo? The last I got frae ye there was about a third o't water." "There ye're wrang, Mrs. Maclaren," returned the man: "it maun has been som'e other body's milk ye got last time: mine's aye half an' half."

If you wish to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or sausage shop, with visitors, place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No Admittance!" No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush in.

A fastidious English lady, on her travels, stopping temporarily at the log cabin of a literary trapper in Oregon, and seeing the essays of Carlyle and Macaulay on the table, asked the frontiersman what he thought of those authors. "Oh!" said he, "them fellers is some punkins. They kensling ink, they ken, now I tell you!"

STREET car companies are reasonably progressive, but there is still one step for them to take. What is wanted is some man of polite manners to stand on the platform and introduce the conductor to ladies before that functionary puts his hand round the waist to help them on. To be hugged without an introduction isn't right.

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class, "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in about five years. Now, what is to be done with her, after that?"—"Cut off her head, and sell her to an hotel-keeper for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

A drag driven by an elegantly-attired lady, and with a trim and neatly-dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the streets, when it was espied by an old negro woman. "Bress de Lord," she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke. "Bress de Lord, I never 'specte to see dat. Wonder what datellid young gemmen pays dut young white 'oman fur drivin' dat kerridge? I know'd it'd come, but never 'specte to lib to see it. Dis nigga's ready to go 'way now."



WOMEN'S WORK.



THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—REMEMBER THE POOR.



THE SKATING CLUB, AT BOULOGNE, ON ROLLER-SKATES.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my Love :
Tell her I mourn throughout the slow, sad hours,
And that I wander through forsaken bowers.
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove.
Who, being once forsaken of her mate,
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go, heart of mine, and tremble in her breast :
Tell her that I am like the winds that scour
O'er hill and dale, that tempestuous down,
And meadows many-hued, yet find no rest.
But making moan which never doth cease,
Do wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in her ear
That I am like a tree no longer green,
Where Winter's barrenness may be foreseen
In branch and bough, by Autumn's touch made sere ;
And like the leaves which rough winds violate,
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move her not, go, kiss each lip,
And tell her that I can no longer live,
Unless she come again to me, and give
Her sweet and ever-constant fellowship.
And from her lips thou shall not separate
Until she swear to be compassionate.

EDGED TOOLS.

In truth, we led a sorry life—Louise and I. We were cousins—companions in distress and fellow-dependents upon the bounty of Aunt Judith Hetherstone, an aristocratic screw, without mercy or compassion.

But for the speech of people, I am sure she would have turned us both into the street. As it was, she worried us ceaselessly, and begrimed the very bread we put into our mouths, and the cast-off gowns wherewith we were clothed.

So, when Louise, on her eighteenth birthday, eloped with a bank-clerk, who loved her dearly, I, for one, was glad.

It was a very humble marriage for a Hetherton to make; but it released her, at least, from the miserable tyranny which we had long borne together. By means of a surreptitious correspondence which we carried on after her marriage, I learned that my poor dear girl was very happy, and that her darling Sydney was the best of husbands.

Two years after Louise's elopement I tasted my first cup of pleasure. In the very height of the season, Aunt Jude, with a deep-laid purpose in her heart, carried me off to Scarborough.

"You are a very tolerable-looking girl," she said to me, "and you have more sense than Louise. It is likely you may secure a rich husband who will return me some of the money which I have squandered on you. At all events, I will give you a chance."

Perhaps I was by nature more docile than Louise—perhaps I was glad of my escape from my dependence; at any rate, when Colonel Van Hauseen proposed, after a week's acquaintance, I accepted him promptly—gray head, aldermanic front, fifty-odd years and all.

He was a contractor, be it understood, and he counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands.

"As for his family, Kate," said Aunt Jude, "he really has none, which is all the better for you. There was an only daughter by his first marriage, but she was consumptive, poor thing! and she made a bad sort of marriage—that is, somebody with whom she was infatuated married her out of pity. She died young. The Colonel never likes to speak of her."

With an engagement ring blazing on my finger, I returned to town, feeling in my sudden new importance like some beggar-maid transformed into a princess. Colonel Von Hauseen was an ardent lover—elderly men usually are—and, backed by Aunt Jude he began to entreat me to name an early marriage-day.

"My darling, may we not say this day month?" he pleaded.

"Or your own birthday," suggested Aunt Jude, which comes a week later.

"No," I answered; "neither will do. First of all, I must have time to visit Louise."

We were gathered around a scanty fire in the genteel old drawing room, where everything looked as pinched and faded as Aunt Jude herself.

My two companions sat playing piquet at a round table. As I made my announcement, Aunt Jude's face grew fierce and thin, like that of the horse in Mrs. Browning's ballad.

"Louise!" she echoed, longing, yet not daring to show her claws.

I stood on the hearth, with my foot planted on the brass-fender. In the glass I could see mirrored a supple, stylish figure, in a black dress, an oval face, tinted like a peach-blossom, reddish-black hair, rippling and shining in the firelight, a keen, correct line of red lip and cleft chin, and lustrous dark eyes.

All these were mine.

I was handsome, and I knew it. In fact I had just reached that delicious epoch in a woman's existence, when she, for the first time, feels her own power.

"Louise," I explained to Colonel Van Hauseen, "is my dear cousin. We were brought up here together. We have not met for two years. Is it strange that I should wish to visit her now?"

"Not at all," he cried, beaming upon me. "Not at all, my darling! Quite natural and proper. Go to her, if you like—you know that your wish is my law."

And he looked ready to jump up and embrace me on the spot. I should have got on better with the Colonel had he been less demonstrative. I liked him only at a distance. I was not used to caresses; and his, to tell the truth, I found unbearable.

"I shall order your trousseau, to please myself, then," threatened Aunt Jude.

"I don't care," I answered; "only leave me in peace."

And the next day I packed up my trunks and started to find Louise.

She lived a few miles out of the town, in a picturesque place, environed by charming view of hill and wood. Her little villa was like those one reads of in novels—a delightful martini-box, covered with rose-vines and clematis, and with a porch projecting over the door, through which my dear girl sallied to meet me, holding her golden-haired baby in her strong young arms.

In vain I searched her face for the worn, faded look which so many women assume after marriage. She had actually grown younger and fairer. Ah! there is no beautifier like happiness.

So far as I could see, love in a cottage was really a delicious thing.

Al, how fond they seemed of each other—those two—quite like lovers, in fact!

In her happy wife-and-motherhood Louise had quite outgrown me. I felt, somehow, that she stood upon a higher plane than I.

At the close of the evening she came to my room, bringing her boy in his white night-dress, with its yellow hair all damp and curly from the bath. It was a chilly night, and a fire had been lighted in my room. We sat down to indulge in what girls call "a good talk."

"Come," said Louise lightly, "you have something to tell me, you know."

"True," I assented, and I showed her my ring, and informed her, in as few words as possible, of my engagement to Colonel Van Hauseen. She smoothed her riotous boy out upon her lap, where he lay winking his round eyes at the fire, and looked grave.

"I never would have thought it of you, Kate," was all she said.

"Everybody cannot marry for love, like you and Sydney," I answered.

"Kate, you will be miserable—mark my words."

"I don't care. I am going to be free from Aunt Jude, at all events."

Louise looked at me steadfastly. I chafed under her honest glance, and she saw it.

"Don't you love him the least bit, Kate?"

"Not a bit! I may as well be candid. I strongly suspect I have no capabilities that way."

"Women have talked the same nonsense before, and, too late, found out their mistake. I wish I could tell you how happy Sydney and I are together. That man's money will never bring you content—never! Don't marry him!"

"I think I could not help it now, if I would, and I'm sure I would not if I could!"

I own that I was disappointed. All that I could say upon the subject of my brilliant prospects Louise received with grave disapproval. Finally, she kissed me good night and carried her boy away, and I went to bed and to sleep.

Somewhere in the wee small hours of morning, a loud rap on my door awoke me. I sprang up and opened it.

On the threshold stood Louise's housemaid, quaking with terror.

"Oh, miss!" she cried. "Will you come, quick, please? The baby is awful!"

I flung on a wrapper, and ran to Louise's chamber.

She was sitting before a hastily lighted fire, her face as cold and white as death. Across her lap lay the child, breathing in a very odd manner. The muscles of his little throat worked spasmodically.

I grew cold from head to foot.

"Oh, Louise!" I gasped. "What ails him? Without looking up, she answered me a word—"Croup!"

"Where is Sydney?"

"Gone for Dr. Thorne."

The housemaid and I ran for hot water and flannels. I have no words to tell how frightened we all were. Every remedy of which we had ever heard we applied by turns and altogether to that unfortunate child.

"Oh, that doctor! Why does he not come?" I cried, every moment seeming like an eternity.

I was kneeling beside Louise, trying to force some medicine betwixt baby's lips, my wrapper all awry, my hair tumbled in a mass down my back, when Sydney and the doctor entered together.

Poor Sydney! He looked as haggard and wild as a ghost.

As for the other person—the doctor—he threw off his coat and came forward to examine the child, giving me, at the same time, a quick sidelong glance. As he bent over baby, his head was on a level with my own—a nice head, I noticed, covered with thick, fair hair.

I could not bear to look longer on Louise's anguish, so arose and slipped out of the room.

I sat down on the dark stair without to await the verdict.

It was cold there, and I shivered with indefinable dread. The doctor was a long time in making his appearance. Finally the door opened, and he came forth.

A feeble ray of dawn, struggling in at some window near at hand, alone lighted the stair, and he did not see me, I suppose—at any rate, he caught his feet in my dress, stumbled, and nearly fell over me and the banister.

I arose like Jonah's gourd.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" I made haste to say.

"Too many, by far! I hope I have not hurt you?"

"Oh, not at all!"

"What are you doing? Contracting croup in your own person, or something quite as bad?"

"The baby!" I shivered. "Will he live?"

"Not a doubt of it."

And the next moment I heard the hall-door close after him.

I went back to Louise, in whose pale face an ineffable relief had superseded her previous terror and despair. Baby was sleeping peacefully. The spasms of the throat were over; his breathing was regular.

"Oh, Kate!" murmured Louise, in an ecstasy of gratitude; "how I bless him for this night!"

"Bless whom?" I asked.

"Doctor Thorne!"

"Oh!"

And peace being restored in the household, I returned to my own chamber and—to sleep.

At the late breakfast to which Louise and I sat down together—Sydney had gone to the bank a full hour before—she casually mentioned a prescription which Doctor Thorne had left for baby.

"I must send it at once to the druggist's," she said.

I was of an obliging turn of mind, and the morning was indescribably lovely, so I answered, "Let me take it."

"But you know nothing about the shops," said Louise. "You were never in the place before."

"That doesn't signify. Anybody with eyes can find a chemist's."

She gave me instructions manifold, and I made my toilet, put the doctor's prescription in my pocket, and sallied forth upon my errand.

The sun shone in a cloudless sky, and pretty blooming gardens on either side of the way filled the air with perfume. It was a busy, picturesque place, huddled upon the banks of a streamlet. I crossed a bridge, and stopped to watch with keen interest some truant schoolboys fishing in the stream. A new and delicious sense of freedom was upon me. I felt like a child let loose on a holiday.

"I am going to be happy for once," I said to myself. "I am going to forget everything and everybody while I stay with Louise;" and I drew off my glove, slipped Colonel Van Hauseen's diamond from my finger, and put it in my pocket-book.

I found a chemist's, got the medicine, and started homeward.

How cheery the sunshine fell on the fronts of the modest villas! After all, it might be a pleasant thing to settle down in one of these humbler nests with somebody one loved. I fancied all sorts of things about the inmates, as I peered over the trim gates at the rainbow flower-beds inside.

Presently the scene changed.

Forgetful of Louise's instructions, I turned into the wrong street, and found myself wandering among low shops and crazy tenements. The way grew narrow, sloping, and dirty. I tried to retrace my steps, but only to sink deeper into the slough upon which I had stumbled. Of course, I was lost.

I gathered up my dress, and picked up my way through the mud and dirt. Around a puddle in the centre of the street a group of ragged children were playing. Bent upon inquiry, I started towards them, when lo! a rattling of wheels, a wild clattering of hoofs, and a runaway horse, attached to a light vehicle, turned a corner by one of the dingy shops, and with reins trailing and frightened head tossed high, came galloping down upon me, like a whirlwind.

The children scattered—all but one little girl, who went on making her mud-pie directly in the path of this iron-hoofed destruction.

I saw the flaxen head, the small hands patting the wet clay, heard the snort of the horse, and then I screamed and sprang to her.

The little creature struggled in my arms one instant, after which there was a great shock, and trampling and confusion, and when I came to myself, some one was supporting me in the door of a shop, with crowds of people looking on a tall, fair-haired some one—in short, Doctor Thorne.

He held a glass to my lips.

"Drink this brandy!" he said authoritatively.

I obeyed.

"As my wits returned, I missed my vial from my hand, and cried, plaintively, "Oh! I have lost Louise's medicine. You must write the prescription again!"

"Easily done. Give me the little girl!"—and he passed her to some woman in the crowd, with the remark, "You owe her life to this young lady!" and then to me, "How came you in this vile neighbourhood?"

"I lost my way," I answered, beginning to feel faint.

"It was my horse," said Doctor Thorne. "I was attending a patient in the next street, and he became restive and ran away. Lean upon me—I will take you home at once."

Somebody secured the runaway, and now brought him to his master. Doctor Thorne put me into the chaise, and drove back to the chemist's for the medicine, and then over the bridge and home.

The little mishap had placed us, somehow, on a friendly footing. We began to talk as freely as if we had known each other for years.

He was a handsome man, was this country doctor, after the cold blonde Saxon type. He had straight, clear-cut features and grand gray eyes, full of sombre strength. His manner, too, was nice and courteous. I liked him.

When we reached the cottage he followed me

in to look at baby, and I ran up to my own room. On the toilet-table I found a telegram from Colonel Van Hauseen. He had been called unexpectedly to Liverpool, and might be unable to see me for a fortnight, at least.

A fortnight! Well, I was, to say the least, devoutly thankful.

I went down to communicate the message to Louise.

The doctor had taken his departure, and she sat alone in her pretty morning-room, watching her baby's cradle, with the shadow of a window-vine flickering on her features.

"Kate," she began, "I have thought of something very odd since you went out. Did you ever hear Colonel Van Hauseen speak of Doctor Thorne?"

"Colonel Van Hauseen!" I echoed, in amazement, "Never!"

"Let me whisper in your ear. He has a history, has our rusty, respectable doctor. Five or six years ago he attended a young heiress, who was in a decline. She became violently enamored of him. Her name was—yes, really—it was Julia Van Hauseen!"

"Not the Colonel's daughter, who died of consumption?"

"The very person. I have heard the story a score of times. She was an heiress in her own right, and the doctor was young and poor. She so far forgot the proprieties as to confess her passion, and entreat him on her knees to marry her. Out of sheer pity he did so, and treated her kindly, too, during the three years in which she kept him in utter thrall beside her sick-bed."

"Then Doctor Thorne is the Colonel's son-in-law!" cried I. "What a discovery! Aunt Jude called Miss Van Hauseen's marriage a bad sort of one."

"All her friends dubbed it that, because of the doctor's poverty. She left him her entire fortune—hardly a fair compensation, after all, for the time he had wasted, and the miseries he had endured with her. But what do you think he did with the money? Founded a hospital or dispensary, or something of that sort, and then came to this place and settled as a country practitioner."

I turned the story in my mind.

"If I marry Colonel Van Hauseen," said I, "what relationship shall I hold to the doctor? Do you know if the two are friends?"

"I think not. The father-in-law was furious at his daughter's will, and the way in which her husband disposed of her legacies."

I pulled a leaf from the window-vine, and picked it silently to pieces.

it caught in a thorny rose-vine, and held me like a fetter.

Doctor Thorne leaned forward and disengaged it, but so awkwardly that some of my coils got loose and rolled upon his hand.

I began to fasten them up again, but he restrained me.

"Stop!" he entreated. "Stop one moment, Miss Hetherstone. Once, long ago—in sleep—I saw this very picture—this garden—you, sitting here in the moonlight, with loose hair, and that flower on your breast. My father was a Scotchman, and he used to claim that there was in the family the gift of second sight. It assumed, in my case, the modified form of a dream."

I looked at him with surprise.

"You are as mysterious as a sensation novel," I laughed.

"Not at all," he answered, with earnestness. "I simply state a fact. The vision became indelibly photographed on my memory. Even then I knew that it was not of the stuff that ordinary dreams are made of."

"Are you sure I am the person you saw?"

"Positively."

"Very odd! Why should you dream of me?"

"I know not. This is a part of the matter I cannot explain. It was a few days after the death of a relative—my wife, in fact—and I was weary of life."

"Weary of life?" I repeated, on purpose to draw him out. "That is a strong expression. You must have loved her very much."

He was silent for a moment. Then his voice took an indescribably bitter tone.

"You come too quickly to conclusions. It was my own plans and ambitions for which I mourned—a legion of them, lost and wasted."

"Ah, indeed!" I murmured under my breath.

"That admission represents me in a new light, does it not? I fear that few men are unselfish enough by nature to assume the part of a hero and play it successfully to the end."

I dared not say more. Sydney and Louise came back up the walk, and we returned to the parlour.

Doctor Thorne bade me good night in a constrained voice, and took his departure.

The days that followed—oh, they are written, one and all, upon my memory in letters of fire. I had never been so fiercely and thoroughly *alive* in my life. I gloried in my own youth and beauty as never before. A feverish happiness took possession of me. I hardly knew myself. This visit to Louise promised to become a rare event in my history.

"Kate, Kate," expostulated Mrs. Sydney, "I wish you would leave off flirting with Doctor Thorne, or, at least, tell him of your engagement. It is dangerous to play with edged tools."

"So I have heard before," laughed I; and I pursued the tenor of my way.

One memorable afternoon in winter, when the trees were leafless and bare, I walked alone to the post-office—by this time all the ways of the neighbourhood had become familiar to me—and took from thence two letters, one from Aunt Jude, the other from Colonel Van Hause.

"Your trousseau is really superb," wrote my relative. "I have spared neither pains nor expense. It is very ungrateful in you to be absent yourself just at this time, and especially with a disgraced and discarded member of the family. Bear in mind I have made great sacrifices to secure a good match for you, and that I expect you to compensate me fully for the same when once you are established in life."

From my lover's letter, full of painfully sweet things, I select the following passage:—

"My darling, I enclose you a portrait of my daughter. Perhaps it may interest you, for she was very dear to me. She died young, and the man she married—poor infatuated Julia!—flung her large fortune quite away—ingrate that he was! His very name is detestable to me."

I had strolled out, the day being particularly fine for the time of year, and was resting myself, when I read these letters.

From Colonel Van Hause's envelope a coloured photograph dropped into my lap. It represented a plain, sickly girl, in rich attire, her eyes hollow and sad, a conventional smile on her dubious mouth. And this was Doctor Thorne's wife. Poor thing! In truth, she had been no beauty.

I sat quite still, thinking. All was as solemn and silent as the grave. The afternoon was fast waning, and the light fell low and red and level among the trees.

Suddenly I looked up, and saw a man advancing towards me along the little foot-path—Doctor Thorne.

"What! are you lost again?" he said, lightly, stopping beside my mossy seat.

"Yes," I answered, thinking of my increasing troubles. "That is, no, certainly not."

He smiled.

"Lost in doubt, then, or something as misty—I see it in your face. Allow me."

He sat down beside me, and tossed off his hat with the eager air of a boy.

"Don't let me keep you from your patients," I stammered.

"Forbear to mention them. It is impossible for me to go on—now," he answered, pointedly.

The sun sank lower in the west.

I knew that I ought to rise and pursue my homeward walk, but I could not stir. A soft dusk crept over the scene.

From out of the gathering shadow Doctor Thorne's gray eyes gleamed on me, in a strange, fixed way. I wished he would not sit there and look at me in that manner.

Darker the place grew and darker.

A spell seemed to have fallen on us both. Presently, two gray birds flitted low through an opening, and alighted on a branch over my head, piercing the air with short, keen cry.

I gave an involuntary start, and stretched up my hand towards Doctor Thorne, and then—I do not know how it happened—his arms were around me, his face to mine—his lips to mine—he kissed me once, quickly and wildly.

I tore myself free.

"How dare you?" I cried. "Leave me this moment! I thought you were a gentleman!"

The blood rushed into his face.

"Forgive me!" he groaned. "I love you, Kate. To me, as to other men, the hour has come at last, and the woman."

The solid earth seemed reeling under my feet. I struggled to make a stand against the whirl and riot of my own heart.

"Doctor Thorne, I am surprised at you!" Yes, I actually said that. "Let go my hand! You must be beside yourself!"

Colonel Van Hause's letter slipped from my lap into the path, and the coloured photograph with it.

He stopped and picked them up. I saw him stand back at sight of the picture.

"Miss Hetherstone," he cried, "this is the portrait of my wife!"

"Yes," I answered; and no effort of mine could keep my voice from trembling; "it was sent to me by her father."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you knew Colonel Van Hause."

The inevitable moment had come. It was best to be as brief as possible.

"He is my betrothed husband. Our marriage will take place some time within the coming month."

I did not, could not look at him, but I knew that his face was like ashes.

"You are surely jesting!" he cried. "I cannot believe it!"

"You must, for it is true," I answered. "See, this is his ring!" And I took the diamond from my pocket-book and slipped it back upon my finger.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed in a strangely altered voice, full of stern accusation, "that you were engaged to that man when you came to this place?"

"Why did you not tell me? Why did you bring me to this pass? Why did you lure me on to love you? He is my deadly foe. Was it at his instigation?"

"You know better!" I cried out, indignantly.

"Then to your woman's vanity alone I owe this moment. You have sacrificed me to an idle pastime, Miss Hetherstone. I have told you that I love you. Now I can only add, *I despise you!* Farewell!"

And without another word, he turned from me there, in the gathering night, and walked away.

Well, I had deserved it, surely. If there is any consolation in knowing that one's punishment is just, then I was consoled.

I went back to the villa, and sat all night at my window counting the stars. In the morning, I packed up my trunks, and returned, as fast as steam could carry me, to Aunt Jude.

She thought my sudden appearance was the result of her letter. I did not undeceive her.

"Come and see your trousseau," she said, "ungrateful girl! I could not have done better by a daughter of my own."

I inspected all the purple and fine linen with becoming admiration.

"A fortnight from this day you will be married," proclaimed Aunt Jude.

As we sat together in the shabby-genteel drawing-room that night, the front-door bell rang, and Colonel Van Hause came in.

I shook hands with him, deftly evading an embrace. I saw, as I had never seen before, that my betrothed husband was an old man, bald, obese, with a leaden-hued face and a pompous manner.

"How pale you are!" he said to me. "I fear your visit was not—"

"On the contrary," I interrupted quickly, "I found it everything which I could desire."

And then, as Aunt Jude was about to leave us together, I cried out, "Don't go, Aunt Jude; I have something to say to Colonel Van Hause which I wish you to hear."

She stopped, with her hand on the door-knob. I gave one look at her, and another at my lover, and then drew the ring slowly off my finger.

"I have made a great mistake, Colonel Van Hause," I said. "I cannot marry you—take your ring."

He stared, as if he thought I had gone mad. So, also, did Aunt Jude.

"The world has all changed to me since I last saw you," I went on. "I now perceive that such a marriage as we contemplated is simply monstrous! Good night, Colonel Van Hause, and—good-bye!"

He was a man, elderly and philosophic. He pocketed his ring and departed. Aunt Jude was a woman, furious and pitiless, who had spent her money and wasted her hopes on a vain cause. She opened her doors, and turned me into the street.

Louise wrote at once, urging me to return to the villa. She mentioned, incidentally, that Dr. Thorne had left the place—gone, whither no one knew. Did I accept the refuge thus offered? No. That which I had sown I meant to reap.

In a secluded and somewhat decayed part of Lambeth I found a situation as companion to an

old widowed gentlewoman, Mrs. Morrison by name. She lived in a musty house, shut in a sunless street, with one cross servant, as decrepit as herself. She received no visitors. She seemed to have no relatives, though once I heard her allude to a son who was abroad.

The place was no sinecure. Mrs. Morrison was very deaf and very testy. Nevertheless she was not unkind to me; and I suppose there was really no good reason why life at this time should have seemed as dreary as death.

Yet so it was.

Two years passed. Time makes no delays, I notice, for joy or sorrow. One incident alone broke the monotony of my dull existence.

I was hurrying along a thoroughfare one day, bent on some errand for Mrs. Morrison, when I found the way suddenly impeded by a crowd, gathered around the entrance of a fashionable church.

Through its open door a bridal party was just coming out. Touched by a momentary curiosity, I flung back my shabby veil.

Could I believe my own eyes? Who was that fat bridegroom, with his bald head and pompous air? Who that thin, elderly bride, with pinched nose, and yards upon yards of glittering raiment? Colonel Van Hause, and—yes, Aunt Jude.

Motionless with amazement, I stood and saw them enter their carriage, and roll away from the church.

"Take my best wishes with you," I muttered. And then lowered my veil, and went on, half-laughing, half-crying behind it.

After that the weeks and months dragged by in dull, unvarying routine.

My sole pastime was the reading religious books to Mrs. Morrison and such papers as her son sent from abroad. My poor throat used to burn and ache in my efforts to pierce her deaf ears, and my voice to sound as cracked and wheezy as a centenarian's. And then the house! How I hated its sunless silence, upon which nothing ever intruded more cheerfully than the pit-pat of the cross servant as she stole, like a ghost, in and out of the mildewed rooms!

"I shall break a blood-vessel some time," I said to myself, "and die here, and that will be the end of it all."

In the third year of my bondage, I was pinning on Mrs. Morrison's false front one morning when she made the following announcement—

"My son is coming home from abroad, Miss Hetherstone. He writes that I may expect him at any time."

"Indeed!" I answered, listlessly, for what did I care about her son?

"I want you to see that Martha puts the best chamber to rights. She's growing old—sixty last Easter. You must look after her."

"Very well," said I: and we made the whole house ready, but the wanderer was in no haste, it seemed.

He did not come.

In the autumn of the year my twenty-first birthday crept on me with sad and sombre countenance. Nobody knew of its arrival but myself. Who was there in the wide world whom it could concern? Nevertheless, I donned my best gown—a shabby affair enough—and coiled up my black braids with unusual care. Dubious as life seemed, the leaven of youth stirred in it still.

"My dear," said Mrs. Morrison, "you look pale to-day—quite ghostly, in fact. I hope you are not going to be ill. I will give you the afternoon. Go out and take the air."

I went, thankful for the only birthday-gift which I was likely to receive. I wandered about the streets till dark, and then returned to the house, bearing in my arms a pot of tea-roses, and another of English violets which I had seen at a flower-store, and, in spite of my slender purse, could not pass by.

I found the hall as dark as the plague of Egypt. Martha had not yet lighted the jet. As I groped towards the door of Mrs. Morrison's parlour, it was opened quickly from within, and a man came out, running against me, and dashing my precious pots from my hands.

I uttered a despairing cry as they fell to the floor, and then—then—in the light which streamed through the open door upon us both, I saw that I was face to face with Doctor Thorne.

I think his amazement was quite equal to mine. Neither of us spoke. He seemed struggling vainly for his voice.

"Miss Hetherstone," said Mrs. Morrison, from the doorway, "this is my son."

"Miss Hetherstone!" he cried. "She calls you that? Have you not married him, then?"

"I have married no one, Doctor Thorne," I answered, standing over the ruins of my shattered pots. "How came you to be Mrs. Morrison's son?"

"By the natural law of birth; I am the child of her first marriage. But you—how it is that I find you under her roof?"

"I have been for three years your mother's paid companion."

He drew nearer. He looked steadily at me.

"And for three years I have wandered over the earth, trying to forget Colonel Van Hause's wife."

"But you told me you despised me. Why, then, have you kept me in remembrance?"

"Because I could not help it—because forgetfulness does not come at one's bidding—because I loved you then, and I love you now."

Then I told him what I had done, and it was good to see his face flush and change.

He took me in his arms, there in the presence of his astonished mother, and this time I did not repulse him.

"Oh, Kate," he groaned, "why did you not tell me you loved me?—You have suffered, I know, in these three years?"

"Yes," I assented; "but I don't mind it now."

After which, I suppose, it is quite needless for me to add that I married him.

LITERARY.

LORD HOUGHTON will, it is said, write a book on America.

AMONGST forthcoming publications is *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan.

THE Marquis of Lorne's poem is to be illustrated, it is announced, by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

A weekly French newspaper made its appearance last month at Berlin entitled *Journal de Berlin*. The journal will henceforth be published regularly every Sunday.

DR. GINSBERG, the well-known Oriental scholar, and one of the revisers of the Old Testament, is going on an expedition to Egypt and Syria, in order to examine some MSS. of the Bible which have been discovered at Cairo and Aleppo.

A rare compliment has been paid to the Prince Wales's trip to India. A Parisian journal, the *Temps*, has sent out a special correspondent to follow his movements. The enterprise is an event in the history of French journalism.

A translation of the entire works of Proudhon is contemplated by Benj. R. Tucker of Princeton, Mass. The first volume is promised for immediate publication: "What is Property: or, an Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government."

M. DIDOT has just issued one of the most curious poems of the fourteenth century, *La Guerre de*



CEMETERY AT ROME ON THE EVENING OF ALL-SOULS' DAY.



THE FASHIONS.

NAMELESS.

There is a name so sweet, so dear,
That I could never write it here,
Where careless eyes perchance might see
The name a loved one gave to me :
A little name, one simple word,
Soft as the twitter of bird,
Brooding above her tiny nest :
But, oh ! it is the dearest, best ;
And softly I'll that name repeat
Until my heart shall cease to beat !

There is a little plaintive song,
My heart repeats the whole day long ;
I heard it once at day's decline,
Low breath'd by lips close pressed to mine.
I would not that a careless ear
Should catch the song I love to hear ;
So my heart's throbings come and go
As to myself I breathe it low ;
Soul-music holy, glad and deep,
Within my heart of hearts I keep.

There is a heart so warm and true,
And eyes of pure and tender hue ;
I know full well I need not fear
What fate may bring, if they are near.
Oh ! fond, true faith, on which I rest,
And own myself so richly blest !
Oh ! faithful friend, for whom I yearn,
And count the hours till they return ;
The name, the song, the heart I own,
I keep for thee, and thee alone !

AS THE ROSES FADE.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Two or three days later Percy Lee received a letter that made it necessary for him to leave hurriedly. He told Mrs. Maberly, and after a hasty packing up, and a farewell ramble, he left, Linda by his suggestion (of course he had seen her during this ramble) keeping her room with a sick headache, and when her mother came to bring her toast and tea, the headache was a very genuine one as the hot flushed face and heavy eyes testified. The room was darkened and so the sympathising mother did not see the traces of tears on her cheeks.

It required a great effort on Linda's part not to confess her love to her mother, but she had promised Percy, and so forced herself to get up and dress and go about her usual employment the next morning, pale and weary looking, which she attributed to the previous day's headache.

She walked in the wood where they had passed so many happy hours. Every tree and stone seemed to have some sweet association as connected with her absent lover. Ah ! how could she possess her soul in patience for a whole fortnight until he came back ? How long and weary the morning was ! As she looked back to her life before she knew him, the calm peaceful life she had thought so happy, she shuddered. How could she endure it again ? Even the fortnight before her seemed too desolate to think of.

The passion of love had changed the nature of this simple child, and had filled her with an eager restlessness. He had promised he would write, but there could be no letter yet, and so she must get through the day with her heart unfeigned of him.

Next morning she went down to the post office and found one letter, and that one for her ; she always went for letters herself, and so it had been arranged that Percy could safely write to her. The first impulse was to read it in the woods, but then a feeling that in the sanctity of her chamber she could better enjoy her happiness, and a sort of childish pleasure in keeping herself in suspense (a suspense that was no longer painful) a little longer, led her to speed home instead. With what a cruel sense of relief she saw her mother in the kitchen garden employed, she knew for hours, gathering and drying herbs.

Gaily calling to her :

"No letters, mama," she skipped up to her own pretty room, and blushing and trembling in sweet ecstasy she opened her first love letter.

"My darling !

I still call you my darling, although before you have read this you will see that, unless by your own sweet will, your ineffable woman's goodness, you forgive what you must now learn, I have no longer the right to call you mine. Linda, I have deceived you ! It may as well come first as last. I don't think you can feel more pain in reading than I do in writing this. Heaven knows, I never meant to deceive you, and yet the only right thing I have done since I have known you was in tearing myself away as I have done. You cannot know the struggle it cost me, the misery and suffering of that last week under the same roof with you, to know what happiness was within my reach if I chose to continue the deception. When you have finished this, let that one spark of virtue plead for me. Think what I had it in my power to do, and yet from the purity and greatness of my love I renounced."

Thus far Linda read with paler cheeks and eager eyes. She felt sick with a sense of impending evil, and even yet, while the real cause of Percy's excuses was unknown, she felt how little he had known her, how much he had overrated her simplicity, and alas ! the selfish sophistry was but too apparent even now. Feeling that she was reading the knell of her own happiness, she read on :

"Pity me, my beloved, when I tell you I was engaged, long before I saw you, to my cousin. It had long been planned by our family, and loving Laura, as I now know, in a brotherly way, I acceded to the plan. There are large money interests involved, which I need not explain, that make our marriage the one great desire of my mother and father, although that would have little weight with me if I had anything independent of them. It would have no effect for my

own sake, for I would gladly share poverty with you until the publication of my book should enable me to live by my pen. But what I have not the courage to do is to break Laura's heart, expose her to ridicule perhaps, and disappoint my family. My marriage is so near that I expect my mother and Laura to arrive by the next steamer from Europe whither they have been for the trousseau, and immediately on their return our union is to take place. Ah, Linda ! you are perhaps hating me now, and that thought almost takes from me the courage to send this. I feel if I were villain enough, I might have kept your love, gone on deceiving you and lived two lives, one of bliss near you, and another of misery by the side of her to whom duty will before long bind me. You, I know, are so pure, so innocent, that you would, if I had only told you there was an obstacle to our marriage, have been content with such a pure and holy tie. Linda, my beloved, can this not be ? You are exceptionally good and pure and holy, could you make this sacrifice for me ? I ask nothing unworthy that purity and goodness, nothing but to see you as a friend occasionally, to know there is a woman who consecrates her life to me. Such friendships have been, dear. There would be no wrong done to Laura. I give myself to her, I sacrifice to her the happiness of my life, and will be faithful, kind husband, but my heart is and always will be yours. Whether I see you or not will make no difference to her. The question is, shall we be so happy as circumstances allow, or shall we both be miserable ?"

So far Linda read with passionate amazement, and then pausing one instant, she realized with horror and disgust the cruel selfishness of the man she had loved. For the time all her love was swallowed up in these two feelings—and scorn for the man who could have so misjudged her, and whose love was so mean and poor a thing that he could not sacrifice social and pecuniary advantages by marrying a poor little unknown country girl, and yet could sacrifice her and her life's happiness, if it might be, for its own selfish pleasure. In her contempt she did not finish the letter, but tore it into shreds, and trod them underfoot, and then she wept, passionate bitter tears. She scarcely felt pain at knowing that Percy was lost to her, but she wept for her lost love and faith in human nature. Henceforth her days must be grey and cold and cheerless. She had cast her whole life's happiness on that one die, and it had failed. She did not realize all this as she wept, nor for many weeks after, but only the one great aching pain to know him for what he was, was horror unspeakable. If he had only died !

When Mrs. Maberly came to look for Linda, she found her with glittering eyes and burning cheeks. She was so alarmed that she did not stay to make enquiries, but sent for a doctor. Before midnight Linda was in high fever, and from the delirious days that followed the poor loving mother learnt that all her care to shield her daughter's happiness had been brought to naught by a few weeks of misplaced confidence.

For many days Linda's life was despaired of, but kind as death would have been, the old Reeper withheld his scythe from that one flower for awhile, and very slowly Linda passed out of the shadowy valley into life, but not the old buoyant life. Never again was she to know the joy of free unfettered health, but like a drooping white lily she lived, glad that she did live for her mother's sake, although to herself, with her grief ever at her heart, life was a pitiful burthen. But she knew it could not be for long, and she felt she was expiating her past weakness.

One June day, two years after Percy Lee had left, Linda had come out on the piazza to enjoy the sun and sweet balmy air of that rare morning. She had a book in her hand, but sat enjoying the perfume with which the air was laden. The glad song of the birds, and the sweet sound of fluttering leaves infected her with something of her old feeling of enjoyment, and for once she longed to be able to walk out into the free woods. She almost thought she would call Martha, their solitary servant, and try her strength. As she sat irresolute, she saw a figure turn in at the gate, and come up the path towards her. It needed no second look to assure her that the new comer was Percy Lee. For an instant she felt an impulse to fly anywhere rather than encounter one who had wronged her so deeply, but she knew her own feebleness would prevent her leaving so quickly as to be unobserved by him, and she thought too that it were better to face him than let her mother be annoyed by an interview with the murderer of her daughter's happiness. She believed she would suffer least, and so, despite her trembling limbs and beating heart, she awaited his approach with apparent calm.

He stood before her some moments in silence, regarding her intently with a shocked, pained look.

"My Linda, have you no word for me ?"

He held out his hand with a tender entreating look, but she stood erect appearing not to see it.

"Linda, I understood from your silence after my letter that you did not forgive the wrong I had done you. Heaven knows I have expiated that wrong in these two years of self-reproach and misery, and now to see you thus and by my fault ! Linda, I was mad, mad, so to throw away my happiness, mad to suppose you could ever be to me even as a friend while I was the husband of another, but now, my darling, I am free. God knows I try not to exult in it. Poor Laura never knew any want of care or love on my part, but now that I am free to choose again, Linda, there can be no obstacle to our happiness. Linda ! Linda ! do not look on me in that way !" he cried passionately, seeing her calm scornful eyes.

"My darling, you cannot be so unforgiving." "I forgive you Percy, but if you want love from me, I have none to give."

"Linda !"

He started forward, and caught her hand which she sought to withdraw.

"Linda, you cannot mean what you say." She smiled sadly, and for the first time he began to realize that her love was dead. It was no mere offended woman's coqueting that made her cold. A great fear took possession of him.

"Linda, will you kill me after all I have—we have both gone through ?"

There was a world of contempt in her voice as she said.

"Men like you do not die for a woman's love. I forgive you; now go from me, you weary me. Can you not see that I am not long for this world ? Let me enjoy the time I have in peace."

"Linda, my darling, don't talk so."

He bent his head on the pilaster of the piazza, and sobs of emotion shook his frame.

Linda felt her strength failing her.

"Good-bye, Percy, I am weak and must go in."

She left him, standing, and went in doors.

"Fetch my mother, Martha, quickly!" she said to the girl who flew to do her bidding.

When Mrs. Maberly came she found Linda panting on the couch. The poor heart had been overtired.

"Mother, Percy has been here. I—I have seen him."

"My poor darling, my poor child, it has killed her."

The mother was right. Linda had received her deathblow, and with the June roses she passed away.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The popular song of "The Old Oaken Bucket" is said to have its origin under the following circumstances, which give it additional interest : Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several others, "Old New Yorkers," were brother typos in a printing office which was situated at the corner of Chestnut and Chambers streets, there were few places in the City of New York where one could enjoy the luxury of a really "good drink." Among the few places most worthy of patronage was an establishment kept by Mallory in Franklin street, or about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had dropped in at this place one afternoon for the purpose of taking some "brandy and water," which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it, for after taking a draught he laid his glass upon the table and smacking his lips declared that Mallory's *'eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are quite mistaken ; there was one thing which in both our estimations far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that ?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draught of pure fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The teardrops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eyes. "True ! true !" he replied, and soon quitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memory of succeeding generations.

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GAME 55TH.

Played in London, Eng., a short time ago between Mr. Wisker and an Amateur.

Evans' Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Wisker.)	BLACK.—Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P
7. Castle	P takes Q B P
8. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th (a)	B takes Kt
10. Kt takes P	Kt to K 2nd
11. Q takes B	K takes B ((b))
12. B takes Kt	R to K sq (c)
13. P to K 5th	P to Q Kt 3rd
14. K R to K sq	P to K 4th
15. B to Q 3rd	P to K 4th
16. R to K 4th	P to K 4th
17. Q to R 3rd (ch) (e)	K to Q sq
18. P to K 4th	Q to R 3rd
19. Q R to K sq	Q to K 2nd (f)
20. B to Q Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
21. Q to K 3rd	K to Q B sq (g)
22. R to Q sq	R to K 2nd
23. R to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
24. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
25. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th (h)
26. Q to Q B 3rd	B takes Kt
27. Q takes B	R to Q B 3rd
28. P to Q R 3rd (i)	Kt to Q B 5th
29. P to K 6th	Kt to Q 5th (k)
30. R takes Kt	Q takes R
31. P takes K B P	R takes P
32. B takes R	

And White ultimately won.

NOTES.

(a) Whether this move be critically sound or not, it certainly affords a better attack than is to be obtained by the ordinary form of the "compromised" variation.

(b) He cannot take with the Knight on account of Kt to K fifth.

(c) The best play apparently.

(d) He is threatened with the loss of the Queen.

(e) This move, the object of which is to drive the Black King to Queen's square, is scarcely necessary.

(f) In order to defend to Kt P without moving the Rook, White threatened Q to Q B sq.

(g) Black's position is very difficult. If he attempt to carry his King over to his own side, White can break up the position by P to K R fourth.

(h) This manoeuvre does not prove so effective as it looks.

(i) This quiet move seems to leave Black without resource.

(k) K B P takes P would have been better, but would not have saved the game.

GAME 56TH.

Played a few days ago at the Quebec Chess Club between Mr. Champion and Mr. Sanderson.

(Allgaier.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Champion.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Sanderson.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K 4th	P to K 5th
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd
6. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd
9. Q B takes P	Kt to K R 4th</td

1876.

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION

Province of Quebec.

AS the time for receiving entries expires on the FIFTEENTH DECEMBER, intending Exhibitors must have their applications in by that date.

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Sec'y Quebec Advisory Board.
63 St. Gabriel Street.

Montreal, Nov. 27, 1875. 12-23-2-252

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NOTICE is hereby given that the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will apply to the Corporation of Montreal, for leave to erect and use for the purposes of their business, a Steam Engine and Boiler, in their premises, in Bleury Street (near Craig).

G. B. BURLAND,
PRESIDENT AND MANAGER.
MONTREAL, Nov. 15th, 1875. 12-21-4-247.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR,
SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.

BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1875. 12-21-9-246.

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ASSETS, £2,222,555 Stg.
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CEO. C. De ZOUCHE,
351 NOTRE DAME STREET
12-20-13-233

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.

JAMES MATTINSON.

May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.,
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FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
D. MCEACHRAN, M.P.C.V.S., Veterinary Surgeon, begs to announce that his Office and Infirmary will be removed, on the 1st of October, to the new Veterinary College Buildings, Nos. 6 and 8 Union Avenue, near Dorchester Street. 12-11-13-200

R. C. JAMIESON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Varnishes & Japans,

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12-21-13-248

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POOR MAN'S FRIEND,
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Or ALTERATIVE PILLS, confirmed by sixty years' experience to be one of the best medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting Nature in her operations. Hence they are useful in Scrofula, Scrofulous Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the Neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, which may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 22s. each.

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For Scrofuly, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never failing and permanent cure.

It Cures old Sores.
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Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy Sores.
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Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

Sold in Bottles, 1 dollar each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 4 dollars each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long standing cases, BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

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APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
Said in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine Houses.

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November 1874.

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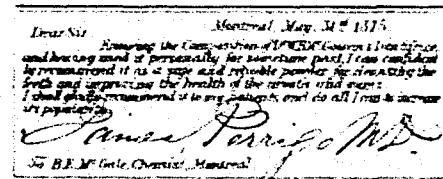
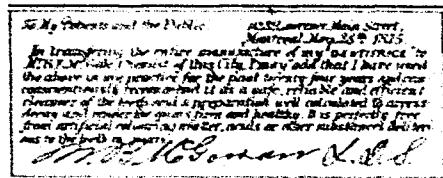
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SEVEN PER CENT

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Wednesday, the First Day of Dec. next

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

R. B. ANGUS,
General Manager.
Montreal, 26th October, 1875. 12-19-6-231.

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November 13 12-31-52-193



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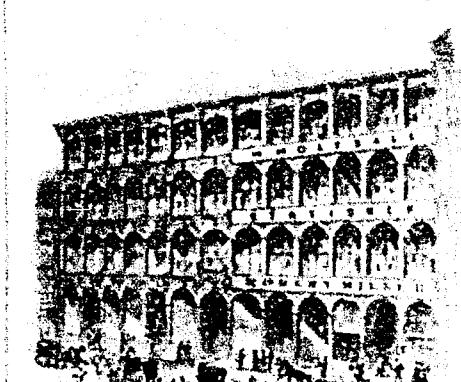
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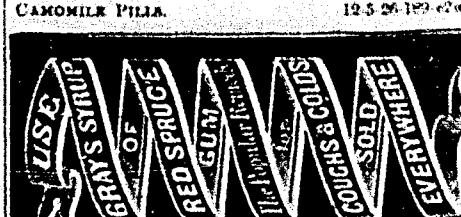
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HENRY ALLIANS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S
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